

NOVEMBER 7, 1924

# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

VOL. 6. No. 45

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# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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HE'S an average young American of average height and weight.

His interests include baseball and football in season, the radio, a speedy roadster and just a smattering of politics. His education perhaps has not been "high falutin'," but it is creditable to our school system.

His sort is to be found in greatest numbers near the country's center of population.

In fact, he's very average in nearly every way. The exceptions are his unusually high regard for civic duty and patriotism, and a boundless ambition to "make good" in order to insure the happiness of his average-sized family.

Furthermore, the statistics regarding this unremarkable chap show that he is about twenty-nine years old.

This is what is known as a "buying age" among merchants and advertisers. It includes the young married man, whose wife is perhaps younger. They are an aspiring, courageously hopeful young couple. They want the good things of life, and so far as their means will reasonably permit, they intend to have them. Whether on the farm or in the city, this couple is progressive; they are always on the lookout for possibilities for home improvement.

Off-hand we cannot give you the name of the young man. The best we can do is to infer that his name is Legion.

Yes, he is the average American Legionnaire of 1924-25.

He is on the sunny side of stalwart manhood. He has just begun to dig in at the home sector. For him the age of romance is not dead, but cold facts have cured its fevers. He has learned to reason and he is open to sound argument. He is in the "buying age" and as a consequence—

He is forming life-time buying habits now!

Mr. Advertiser, we want you to

form a close friendship with the average reader of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly in these years when he is acquiring his buying habits.

The things he buys now through advertising and finds satisfactory are likely to create lasting impressions. He will remember favorably such advertised brands. His wife, alert home maker, will be equally affected. She, the home purchasing agent, is on the average a constant reader of her husband's pet periodical.

A number of articles for home comfort and betterment have been successfully advertised in The Weekly. The number will surely increase as it is realized to a wider degree that such advertising not only prompts immediate sales, but has an actual bearing upon future demand.

This also applies to articles of personal use and consumption. The Legionnaire regards his official magazine as a sort of shopping guide. Everything else being equal, he'll buy the advertised-in-The-Weekly article every time.

Advertisers already have testified that The Weekly readers' loyalty means something besides "sound and fury"; something more even than coupons and inquiries. Its results are found in the sales totals.

As one advertiser of a world-renowned product expresses it, he has been "compelled to admit" by the facts that enough inquiries were "sold" in 1923 to give The Weekly first place among the weekly publications on his list, in cost per sale as well as cost per inquiry.

The complete evidence in this matter was submitted in an installment of "The Ad Shop" in a recent issue of The Weekly, and may be obtained on request.

From the above, the reader who is also an advertiser may gather that The Weekly is not an average publication for sales results. It is, however, the exceptional and effective medium for reaching the average mass of ex-service men and their women folk during the impressionable years of the buying age.

(signed)  
*Buddy*  
THE AD-MAN

331 Madison Ave.  
New York, N. Y.



# The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES  
627 West 43d Street, New York City



NOVEMBER 7, 1924

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PAGE 3

Introducing

## BUCK O'DEE

A  
New  
Character  
Creation  
by  
Eugene E.  
Morgan

Illustrations  
by  
Percy L. Crosby

### Honorable Discharge from The United States Army



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, I, James O'Dee  
1st Sgt., Company T, 1st Infantry, 1st Division  
THE UNITED STATES ARMY, in Testimonial of Honor and Faithful  
SERVICE, is hereby HONORING the service of the  
UNITED STATES by reason of Hq. 1st Infantry Division  
Said James O'Dee was born  
in New Jersey  
When he was 18 years of age, he was a plumber.  
He had blue eyes, blue hair, and  
was 5 feet 8 inches tall.  
Given under my hand and seal of office this  
21st day of June, 1919  
Philip O'Reilly  
Capt., Inf. O.R.C.  
Commanding

Form No. 529, A. G. O.  
Oct. 2-18

\*Insert name, Christian name first, e. g., "John Doe."  
†Insert Army serial number, grade, company, etc.

## F O R E W O R D

MY name is Buck O'Dee, for although I was originally labeled James, folks has called me Buck for luck ever since I outgrew rockin' horse ridin' breeches. I was born of poor but economical parents in Skaggerack, N. J., where I spent my early days avoidin' the pitfalls o' youth and hard work.

PEOPLE said I'd never amount to much. But when the war came I was unanimously elected to do the fightin'. Folks who had called me no-account and no worth to the progress o' the community now hailed me as a selective service man, and said I was the flower o' the nation and the pickin's of its young manhood.



They said they'd back me to their last yell and thrift stamp. The best people in town was at the station to cheer me off to war.

WHEN I come back from France, a doughboy private, the flags had been taken in and the cheers was throttled down to a polite yawn whenever the Big Brawl was mentioned. But I didn't mind—much.

NOW I respectfully present my memoirs, and although I agree with General Sherman as to war in general, I guarantee that these will be wrote up in elegant language, containin' nothin' that the most puritanical lumber-jack can't read aloud to a band o' timber wolves.

SO now that we've told our right names, let's shove off with the story:

# An Armistice Knight in Paree

## A BUCK O'DEE Story

TRAVELIN' from Blancfort to Huitchateau by way o' Paris is just like doin' a prow from Boston to New York by way o' Cedar Rapids, Ia.

But I ain't the first bird with army travel orders that gathered honey by wreckin' a bee line. Any A. E. F. tourist which didn't make the ou-la-la detour to gay Paree whether he belonged there or not was overlookin' a fat chance to hover twixt heaven and hoosegow—and have some story to tell his grandchildren when grandma is out o' the room.

Well, I'll tell the world and all its radio ear muffs that I saw Paree!

But let me get back to where I was before I started to tell you. We was in the defensive sector up in the Vosges, and the major general of the Curly Wolf Division proclaims that even if we are on the defensive we're goin' to be as oh-fensive as possible; so everybody started out with a chip on his shoulder to get a rise out o' Heinie. I'll say we did!

One night a raidin' party started out with a bag o' them chips in the form of hand grenades on our shoulders, and we had no sooner rounded the moon-lit corner o' Dead Man's Hole when all them German typewriters started duplicatin' messages o' hell on the black carbon o' night. What was left of us clumb back to our lines, draggin' and carryin' them as was too done up to crawl. My made-in-Germany memento was a nip in the shoulder, and after amblin' to the dressin' station I reported to the company. It wasn't nothin' serious—just the sort o' scratch to inspire a born iodine painter.

Two days later my skipper gets an order from regimental H. Q. to detail one non-com to report to Corps Gas School at Blancfort. The captain then sends for Corp'ral O'Dee and tells me he's decided that as a trench raider I'm a great gas meter inspector. And to the old Odor Academy I goes.

One month at Blancfort nearly made a mess out o' me. I lost my corp'ral's stripes and my reputation as a pillar o' decorum and most everything but my appetite. The last day o' the school we graduated as gas experts with appropriate speeches and gaspipe selections by the Phosgene Quartette. Then we started out to celebrate, and by nightfall the village of Blancfort looked like a minin' town on paynight.

A doughboy sergeant named Tony Gazzolo, who come of a old New England family, and myself, we proceeded to rout out the old town crier and borrow his drum for a consideration o' one franc, three centimes and half a loaf of American pale punk.

Tony bruises the drum up and down the Rue de la Boushwaz, and as its after noof p.m., and all the natives are on the kwee wee for hot news from the front, they pour out o' their domiciles, hopin' it's the long expected bulletin of "gair finnay." Well, these here villagers make a wooden shoe circle around Tony and me, and while Tony continues to give the drum a Salvation Army massage, I sounds off a la town crier, somethin' like this:

"Extree! Swiss navy sinks Kosher submarine division off Five Points, New York. Extree speshul! Russian spy poisons Kaiser while disguised as dachshund in royal liverwurst. Double Extree! Shipyard workers strike for more pay and poached marshmallows with their afternoon tea!"

Finally the Military Police get with-in earshot, and the upshot of it is that poor Gazzolo is pinched and rapped for a drumhead court martial. As for me, I had my travel orders back to the old regiment in my pocket, and when them Millinery Pests with red hatbands put in appearance it's my cue to travel.

There's a special car leavin' for Huitchateau, our division headquarters, in the mornin'. But I don't wait for such slow, official accommodations. With the M. P.'s still on my trail, I hops a midnight freight on the main line, and by daylight I'm rollin' in the direction of Orleans, and from a friendly frog brakeman I learn that direct connections can be had from there to the place of all places—PAREE!

MAYBE my heart didn't go pit-pat-mike when I heard that magical *nomme de bliss*. Paris, the city of my dreams. Why, I could remember back to my kid days, when I indulged in burlesque shows and other innocent diversions, and I always fished a thrill when the blonde soubrette stepped out in front of the lovely demitessies and gurgles:

"Oh, girls! So thi-s-s is Par-r-ris-s!" And now I was really on my way to the burg which means to Romance what Washington, D. C., means to rumors!

At Orleans I come out of my place of hidin'. Early next mornin' I was on my way to Paris on a fast train. Maybe a little crap game I got into with some Yank railway men in the yards at Orleans had somethin' to do with my luck. I took them steam-kettle aviators down for about everything they had except maybe their license to toot a peanut roaster whistle. When their kale was gone they offered me free transportation to anywhere. And I shall always have tender feelin's for the engineer who let me ride to Paris in the tender of his engine. I wa. disguised as a reel of fire hose, so the inspectors failed to spot me whenever they searched the locomotive's iron lunch box.

To make a long story snappy, I got to Paris. And thereby hangs a parlor tale.

There's a motto they used to print on all-day suckers that great minds runs in the same channels. Well, Paris looked like a national convention o' the great minds of the A. E. F. Everybody from a jigadier brindle to a refined mule skinner shared the notion that if they had travel orders to move from one pin-point on the map to another, they could detour by way of Paris and get away with it. Lots of 'em did. Others didn't, on account of meetin' M. P.'s and other jail fellows well met.

Some reception was what I got when I hit the capital of la belle France. Bands playin' on nearly every corner. Trumpeters soundin' off in the balconies. Cannons firin' salutes. Fireworks sprayin' the Boche-cleared horizon night and day. Airplanes divin' and cuttin' French pastry designs with smoke!

The population was mad, clean mad with joy. They was holdin' street dances and singin' "La Marshallay" and a new American hymn the gobs had taught 'em, "We Won't Lope Home Till Mornin'." As for the allied armies, officers and men, they was gettin' soused by the numbers.

As I said, it was some reception for a lonely, busted corp'ral of doughboys from Skaggerack, N. J., to have handed him on the occasion of his first visit to Paris. But, of course, this here royal welcome wasn't *entirely* in my honor; the fact that the Jerries had just signed an armistice with the allies, and all hostile firin' had ceased on the western



front had somethin' to do with the excitement. Of this my native modesty has me convinced. Anyhow, it was the wildest celebration which ever shook a live town to the scuppers of its floatin' debt.

At last the world was safe for democrats! Civilization was no longer on the anxious seat. But that didn't rid one Private Buck O'Dee of anxiety when I thought o' them Paris M. P.'s. A fellow O. D. hobo in the switchyards at Orleans had gave me the low-down on the eight-minute eggs with red baby-ribbon halos on their stetsons.

"Them Paris M. P.'s is *hard* what I mean," says this box car bombardier. "If they pick you up you're a gone goslin'. Gettin' shot at sunrise is a light mornin' appetizer compared with the strafe-stuff they give you in the Paris clink."

SO while the native population is festive and the allied armies succeeds in gettin' thrown out o' the best places, there's one stranger in town who watches his step and is very wary goin' down the Boul-ward des Capucines, keepin' his glims peeled for anybody which might want to snoop into his travel orders and credentials. Why, I'm feelin' almost as guilty as a profiteer!

Along about the Boul' des Italiens I am witness to a scene which proved beyond all doubt how grateful is the Parisiennes to their rescuers from across the seas. A bevy of mad'moisselles is busy kissin' all and sundry Americans which pass that way. They

seems to be particular ravenous toward Y. M. C. A. secretaries, who they take for officers o' shock troops. Mad'moisselles to the right o' them, midinettes to the left o' them—theirs not to wonder "Y."

And while I'm figurin' some way to get myself exposed to that barrage of carmine pencilled smacks, I bump right into a stranger, and from the way he doesn't budge I know he's built solid and is, in fact, a crowd by himself. At least I thought he was a stranger. But one more look, and I lose my appetite for kissin' games along with my breath.

I know this big bozo. I know him all the way from Skaggerack, N. J. Mike Burleigh and me was raised together in our home town, but instead of growin' up like playmates and chums, we've been heavin' rocks and ribaldry at each other ever since we was knee high to game cocks. Mike belonged to the Old Quarry gang, which is noted for singin' folk songs and weavin' daisy chains and cripplin' coppers in its territory west o' the tracks. I am a member o' the Sweeney Social and Athletic Club, named after its patron and benefactor, One-Eye Sweeney. Our gang is very famous for its annual Maypole dance and Ibsen lectures, which generally winds up in a cadenza of busted glass, pistol shots and ambulance gongs.

Well, I ain't laid eyes on a empty bottle on Mike Burleigh since the World War pulled us apart. The last time I had took issue with him was at a ball game, when it was my distasteful duty to swing on him with a Babe Ruth po-

tato masher. I hit Mike square in the outfield, and then he sort of pulled himself together and chased me off the zone of battle, and I didn't stop runnin' until I was six kilos beyond my little gray home in the west.

THAT was the *last* time we had exchanged greetin's, and, oh, the surprise to jar into Mike Burleigh here in Paris. You'll get some idea o' my pulse register when I add that Mike was wearin' a ring-round-a-rosy hatband, a .45 gat, a sawed-off baseball bat and a big brassier on his arm which bore the cordial insignia, "M. P."

I was overcome. I was too jammed full for words.

Mike was on duty. His bulldog chin set square between his ears in a military manner. For a moment I thought the stuff was off—that he'd noticed my whereabouts when I dashed against him. But no, he kept frownin' upon the osculatory massacre.

My well-bred knuckles itched to sock him where he wasn't lookin'. Oh, what a chance! But all of a sudden somethin' inside o' me held me back. I don't know just what it was. But takin' my cue from my hammer heart, I beat it far away from that rue de la rudeness.

It was a narrow squeak for me, and I almost felt like celebratin'. Cries of "Vive la Francais" and "veevie la Mareek" and other success slogans filled the air. The crowds and accents was thickenin' wherever I turned. It was movin' day on the Place de la Con-

(Continued on page 18)



While Tony continues to give the drum a Salvation Army massage I sounds off a la town crier





Mr. Moore (right) and his pilot, Lieutenant J. K. McDuffie

*FLYING under the auspices of The American Legion Weekly, Samuel Taylor Moore, a recognized authority on aeronautics, recently crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco and return by airplane. He describes his experiences in two articles, the first of which appears herewith*

# Trailing the Air Mail

*The Story of a Round-Trip Transcontinental Flight*

By Samuel Taylor Moore

I HAD flown at night before—but not in an airplane.

Once I drifted for seven hours in darkness in a free air balloon. I can honestly say I enjoyed the experience. But an airplane was different. If you lost your course you couldn't drop down to ask pedestrians where you were, or just float around until daylight. Four hours was the limit of your fuel supply in an airplane. Then you came down precipitately. Frankly, the old nerves were taut on edge.

Darkness caught us near Wilmington, Delaware.

Since leaving Bolling Field at Washington I had twisted to face the west in the cramped cockpit of our airplane, anxiously watching the sun descend to meet the hills of Maryland. We were obviously beaten from the start in our race to reach Mitchel Field, Long Island, before nightfall.

I squirmed unhappily on my parachute pack, commiserating with myself as the flaming golden-orange ball dropped below the horizon with what seemed to be the disheartening precipitancy of a lead weight. There was still time to get on the ground in the early twilight. Scores of good emergency landing fields flitted below. I applied mental telepathy, auto-suggestion and kindred means of communication to let my pilot know that I was not adverse to parking almost anywhere, finishing our trip in the morning.

But First Lieutenant Jasper Kemper

McDuffie of the United States Army Air Service apparently was not attuned to psychic messages. To be sure, I could have written a note in pencil stating frankly that I was doggone scared, yellow if you will; that above everything else of immediate personal importance was my desire to alight at once on some solid substance, earth by preference, water, either fresh or salt, as a second choice, somewhere, anywhere, before dark.

Such an appeal, however, was not in the code. Not when two men have flown six thousand miles together, across the continent and back in three weeks. In the emotional duress of the moment I addressed myself to my pilot, I'm happy that the words were drowned in the roar of the motor.

"McDuffie, you're just a plain damn fool," I remarked with heated conviction. "After one nasty crash, wrapping an airplane around a haystack and flying fifteen hundred miles in another old crate that was ready to fall apart you must invite Fate once more. We've had five days of perfect flying and now, within a few miles of our destination, you want to spoil it all. There's a law, McDuffie, the law of averages. You can't bait the foolkiller all the time and get away with it. After what we've gone through in the last three weeks I should think you would have learned to be conservative. We both are as good as dead right now. I don't particularly care what you do

with your own life, but why drag me in on your suicide pact without consultation?"

McDuffie pushed the throttle a little forward and bent his head to watch his instruments.

Then I began to rack my mind to blame someone else. I thought of the red-headed mechanic who had serviced our plane at Bolling Field. He had assured me that it didn't get dark until seven or seven-thirty. The date was October 8th. I doubted his statement at the time, I recalled, but my mind was confused with central time, mountain time, Pacific time, daylight saving time. So I had believed him. And here it was dark before six. That man had ought to spend a few days in the guardhouse, I declared—practically murdering two men who had never done him any harm. The first thing I resolved to do when, and if, I got back on earth in one piece was to write his commanding officer a letter. A firing squad was not too severe a penalty for a mechanic who said it was still light at seven o'clock. My thoughts played brutally with the red-headed mechanic for several minutes.

THEN I reasoned a little more clearly. This was my deduction:

"McDuffie can fly at night if he wants to. He knows what he's doing. He's piloted like a veteran navigator so far. After all, an army airplane mechanic





The goal of the journey: Crissy Field, San Francisco, the light, flat area just to the right of the built-up district in the lower left-hand corner. At the upper right is the Golden Gate

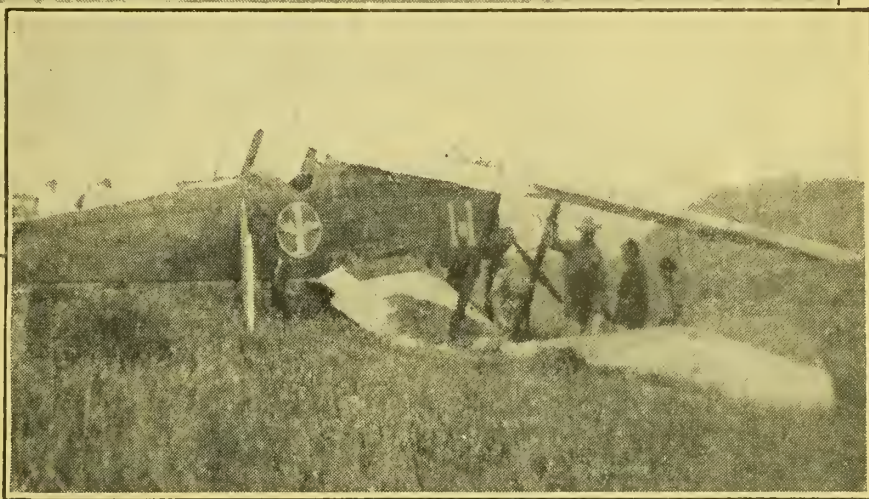
isn't paid to study the almanac for official sunset schedules. No one forced you into this airplane at the point of a pistol. You worked for a month to arrange this trip, Sam Moore. If there are any damn fools aboard this particular airplane it's this lump of chicken-liver here in the rear cockpit."

With this logic I composed myself more calmly in the lap of the gods, albeit momentary panic would hit me in the solar plexus and send the old pump pounding like a bass drum against my ribs at intervals through the flight.

As the shroud of night enveloped it the plane became a living thing. In daylight the exhaust pipes on either side of the motor expel only a smudgy black smoke. Against the background of darkness a two-foot spout of flame stabbed back with blinding brilliancy. Our craft was a giant roaring bird breathing pink and blue fire.

In the fading twilight cemeteries became more prominent. The white stones stood sharply defined against the dark green floor. It was rather disconcerting, there were so many of them.

Hog Island passed below, with its scores of idle merchantmen leaning drunkenly in dry docks faintly outlined by the pale moon that had risen. We were flying barely fifty feet above the water, skimming mast lanterns of ships in the channel of the Delaware River. Ahead suddenly loomed the tall towers of the new suspension bridge between Philadelphia and Camden. Below, lighted ferryboats plied. Fear clutched me again. I was afraid McDuffie



What happens when a Liberty motor goes dead five hundred feet in air and the pilot has to land wherever he can. In this case Lieutenant McDuffie deliberately chose a Nebraska haystack. The alternative was a row of trees and a barbed-wire fence—at forty miles an hour

did not see the span. I held my breath and shut my eyes. But McDuffie pulled back on the stick easily and we hurdled the bridge tower with a hundred feet to spare. Our destination was only a hundred miles away. With luck another hour of flying should bring Long Island beneath our wings. That hour seemed to me an eternity.

THE lights of Philadelphia were dimmed under the smoky pall that overhangs the city, a ragged edge of darkness along the wharves at the river's banks, the city proper a dull, blurred glow as far as the eye could reach. Camden, then Trenton, flashed below, standing forth more clearly in ordered rows of illumination. At length we left the river with the pale moonbeams reflecting on the surface. Cross country we cut over New Jersey, north and east. Below the earth was ghostly, indistinct. Except for an occasional cluster of lights marking a town or city the only illumination was along the highways—each a faint, dark gray ribbon, with slowly moving light patterns from the headlights of passing

automobiles. The cars themselves were invisible.

My heart was beating in time with the motor. If the old Liberty ever quit now we would be out of luck. The banks of lights appeared to increase. The glare from the exhaust pipes created an illusion as though a searchlight were playing a broad shaft over the blinking light patterns sparkling below.

Constantly I would wonder whether McDuffie knew his course. Our compass I knew was badly deranged. He was flying without a map. There flashed through my mind the plight of one well-known army flyer, only recently related to me. He had lost his way while flying at night. With his fuel about exhausted he had climbed to a safe altitude, abandoned his ship and leaped over the side with his parachute. I conjured a similar situation for us. I have jumped in parachutes before. It is not a bad sensation. But I frankly dreaded the idea of jumping in darkness, with no idea of what was below, of perhaps landing in water, cramped and unable to swim in the

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# EDITORIAL

**F**OR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

## Get in Under the Wire

**O**N November 11th this year you will be six years older than you were on the original Armistice Day. Presumably you are today a more valuable military asset to your country than you were when you took off the uniform. If tomorrow this nation were called upon suddenly to defend itself, what place would you take among its defenders?

Every able-bodied World War veteran, not already a member of the National Guard, may find a satisfactory answer to this question by enrolling in the Organized Reserves. More than seventy thousand veterans, holding commissions in the Reserves, constitute one of the nation's strongest safeguards. Commissions are still open to thousands without examination. Veterans may be given ranks in the Reserves equal to or higher than those they held upon discharge. Enlisted men in combatant branches recommended for commissions before the Armistice may obtain the commissions in the Reserves without examination. Ex-officers and enlisted men qualified as experts in civilian professional callings may also be commissioned in grades commensurate with their civilian standing.

But the time for making application is short. Midnight of November 11th is the final time limit for those wishing to be commissioned without examination. American Legion departments throughout the country have distributed provisional applications which may be forwarded to the Army headquarters designated on the applications.

Get in under the wire if you're qualified. Mail your application before midnight of November 11th.

## Education Week—a Beginning

**I**N certain large American cities privileged children, for the most part little sons and daughters of wealthy parents, do not attend the public schools. They attend private schools, usually endowed institutions, which offer everything that modern educational science has developed. These schools afford the fullest opportunity for the wholesome development of children. The buildings are models of comfort and sanitation. They are lavishly and expensively equipped. The instructors are experts—men and women holding high places in the field of educational research. The schools teach not only the usual subjects which are taught in the public schools, but they also give special instruction planned to develop and strengthen character and to fit growing children for the social relations of everyday life.

Children enrolled in these private schools seem to develop fully any unusual talents they may possess. They are educated as individuals. Each is studied by his teachers and is encouraged to concentrate on studies in which he displays greatest interest and ability. He is not subject to many of the repressions made necessary when a handicapped instructor is attempting to guide an oversized class through an inflexible course of study.

For the privilege of having their children attend schools of this sort, parents gladly pay munificent tuition fees. In one well-known school of this type the tuition fee is many hundreds of dollars. This fee covers only tuition, for the children live in their own homes. And the school accepts children as young as three years.

It may be argued that the private school is an undemo-

cratic institution. But as long as schools of this type are able to offer unquestioned superior educational advantages, as long as the children who pass through them emerge as well-rounded, purposeful boys and girls, fitted ideally to continue educational careers and to take their places in the world, parents able to afford to do so will continue sending their children to them. The only way public schools may compete with them is to meet their standards.

Every community should be able to offer in its public schools the best educational advantages available elsewhere. Economy in public education brings a host of penalties. The town or city which refuses to keep pace with progress, which crowds its children into antiquated buildings, compels teachers to instruct unwieldy classes, forces down the scale of teachers' pay and permits politics to dictate appointments and compel subservience is striking a blow at its own future. The effect of the evils may not be apparent immediately. But it will be unmistakable years hence when the boy and girl victims of shortsighted policy are administering the affairs of the community. The enlightened community of today, from an educational standpoint, will be the strong community of tomorrow. The community which today puts hobbles on its schools will find tomorrow that it is unable to keep pace with other communities possessing a more richly-endowed citizenship.

What is needed now in each town and city is an aroused consciousness by parents and citizens generally of the real needs of the schools. Each community should insist that its public schools shall meet the standards set by the model institutions. Once the public realizes that education is a community investment, it will not be satisfied with makeshift, below-par schools. It will insist that its money be invested wisely, and it will not begrudge paying a premium for efficiency and guaranteed results.

The American Legion believes that the arousing of public consciousness of the practical needs of the schools is the best opportunity presented by American Education Week. This week will be observed November 17th to 24th in communities throughout the country. Legion posts everywhere, working with teachers and school officials, will rally all citizens for a week's study of practical school problems.

Community observance of American Education Week should not be restricted blindly to any cut-and-dried outline of a national program. It will be most successful where it is founded on a determination to find out how thoroughly the local schools are fulfilling their purpose, what deficiencies exist and what must be done to meet them. American Education Week should be more than a glorification week, more than a parade of platitudes. It should be a week in which each Legion post renders the highest service possible to its community by rallying everybody for an all-year-round campaign for school improvement.

\*\*\*

The Constitution guarantees free speech, but that doesn't oblige anyone to listen to all of it.

\*\*\*

The King of Bulgaria is learning to drive a locomotive. Doubtless he is planning to run for re-election.

\*\*\*

Despite the claims of weather observers, the average husband insists that the fall season begins in June.

\*\*\*

The motorist who becomes exhilarated when he discovers a place to park should remember that he is still obligated to back out.

\*\*\*

As cross-word puzzle experts increase in number a slender hope arises that an individual may be developed who can make his check-book stubs jibe with his balance.



# The Armistice Communiqué

## and the Man Who Wrote It

By  
John R. Tunis

Sous Lieutenant Pierrefeu's autograph version of the official French communiqué of November 11, 1918, with Marshal Petain's endorsement. A transcription and translation of this historic document are given on page 15

*Reçu par B. H. / 11 novembre 1918*  
Communiqué à la Presse  
du 11 Novembre 1918 — Lt. H.

Après 52<sup>me</sup> mois d'une guerre sans précédent dans l'histoire  
l'armée française avec l'aide de ses alliés a obtenu  
la défaite de l'ennemi

Nos troupes, animées du plus pur esprit de sacrifice  
demandant pendant quatre années de combats <sup>continus</sup> incessants  
l'exemple d'une sublime endurance et d'une héroïsme quotidiens  
ont rempli la tâche que leur avait confiée la Patrie.

L'ennemi supportant avec une <sup>énergique</sup> ~~bravoure~~ intomptable les  
attaques de l'ennemi, tantôt attaquant ~~elles~~ elle nous  
et forçant la Victoire elle-même <sup>après</sup> ~~de~~ une <sup>durée</sup> ~~opérée~~ <sup>jeu</sup>  
de quatre mois, bousculée, battue et jetée hors de France  
la puissante armée allemande et l'ont contrainte à  
demander la paix

Toutes les conditions exigées pour la ~~cessation~~ suspension  
des hostilités, ayant été acceptées par l'ennemi  
l'armistice est entré en vigueur, ce matin, à  
onze heures

~~à l'issue de la bataille~~

*J. P. Petain*

*Ferme pour cause de victoire*

**S**HUT your eyes a minute and imagine yourself once again a corporal of infantry. You have been wounded and, after leaving the hospital, have been sent to the replacement camp at St. Aignan. You are handed travel orders and wake up in twenty-four hours to find yourself at G. H. Q., still a doughboy corporal. A general officer is looking up at you. He says:

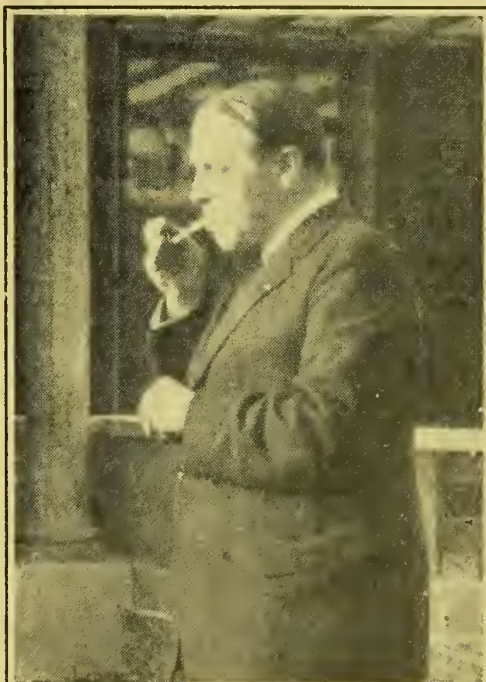
"Oh, yes, you're a newspaper man, aren't you? Well, you are to write the official communiqué beginning this evening."

This is what actually happened to Jean de Pierrefeu, a French journalist, who went with his regiment at the start

of the fighting in 1914 and was wounded in one of the first battles in Lorraine. He recovered from his wound and was sent to French G. H. Q. at Chantilly, where he was told that from then on he was to be the most widely read author in the world.

I met Jean de Pierrefeu at Cap d'Antibes last winter. Antibes is a small neck of land jutting out into the blue Mediterranean between Nice and Cannes, and here he lives in a small villa, doing a daily column for a Parisian news-

(Continued on page 15)



Jean de Pierrefeu, the French journalist who wrote the war's final communiqué and most of those that preceded it. He got the job unsolicited, after being wounded in the Germans' advance in the summer of 1914



## The Entertainment Committee

By Wallgren

MEMBER OF POST ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE WHO HAS SECURED THE PROMISE OF A FAMOUS GENERAL TO ADDRESS THE POST AFTER THE MEETING

(ALTHO HE HAS BEEN EXPECTED "ANY MINUTE" ALL EVENING THE GUEST IS NOW EXACTLY ONE MINUTE LATE)



LOOKS ANXIOUSLY TOWARD ENTRANCE FOR 192ND CONSECUTIVE TIME - WISHES HE HADN'T ANNOUNCED GENERAL WAS COMING

BRING ON TH' GENERAL!



CONSULTS WATCH FOR 276TH TIME AND IS AMAZED TO DISCOVER THAT THE GENERAL IS ALMOST FIVE MINUTES TARDY -



WHAT TIME DID YOU SAY HE'D BE HERE, ED?

ANY MINUTE NOW, JOE - KEEP THE MEETING GOING AS LONG AS YOU CAN - TILL HE GETS HERE!!



Y'KNOW FELLOWS, ED DESERVES A LOTTA CREDIT FOR GETTING THE GENERAL TO COME HERE TONIGHT!!

VAINLY ATTEMPTS TO ASSUME INTEREST AS COMMANDER CONTINUES -

BET HE DON'T SHOW UP, ED!!



LOOKS AT WATCH FOR 96TH TIME, AND BURSTS INTO EXCESSIVE PERSPIRATION TO FIND THAT THE GENERAL IS NOW FULLY TEN MINUTES OVERDUE -

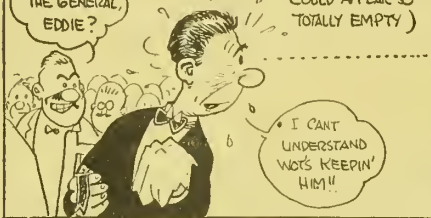


LOOKS BESEECHINGLY TOWARD DOOR FOR 677TH TIME -

(DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE THAT A DOORWAY COULD APPEAR SO TOTALLY EMPTY)

WHERE'S THE GENERAL, EDDIE?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY'S KEEPIN' HIM!!

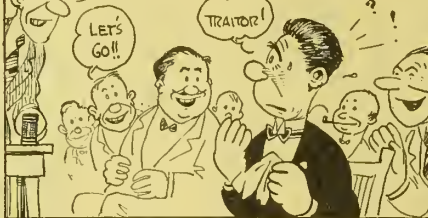


MEETINGS ADJOURNED, FELLOWS - AND NOW WE'LL HAVE A SHORT INTERMISSION UNTIL THE GENERAL SHOWS UP!!

ALMOST HAS HEART FAILURE WHEN THE COMMANDER RUNS OUT OF IDEAS -

LET'S GO!!

TRAITOR!



GAZES IMPLORINGLY AT DOOR, TRYING TO COMPEL ENTRANCE OF GENERAL BY MERE POWER OF SUGGESTION -

S'MATTER, ED?



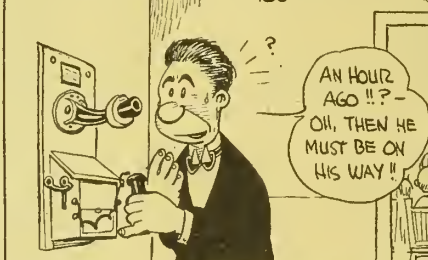
ARE YOU SURE HE'S COMIN', ED? THE GANG'S GETTING RESTLESS!!

ABSOLUTELY, JOE!! HE PROMISED ME POSITIVELY - BUT, MEBBE I'D BETTER CALL UP AND MAKE SURE, HUH?



PHONES GENERAL'S HOTEL AND IS INFORMED THAT HE LEFT AN HOUR AGO -

AN HOUR AGO!!? - OH, THEN HE MUST BE ON HIS WAY!!



AN HOUR AGO!!? HE OUGHT TO BE HERE NOW!! GOOD HEVINGS!! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM!!? OH, MY GAUD!!

WOODEE SAY, ED?



-AFRAID TO RE-ENTER MEETING ROOM WITHOUT HIS GUEST HE TAKES A LAST DESPAIRING STAND AT THE ENTRANCE

LET'S GO!!

WHEN DO WE EAT!!?

-EDDIES FULLA SAP!! BLAH!!



OH GENERAL!!! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!! YOU'VE SAVED MY REP!!



SPENDS REST OF EVENING IN SEMI-PROSTRATED CONDITION, HYSTERICALLY APPLAUDING THE GENERAL WITHOUT HEARING A WORD HE SAYS





*A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer*

# The Things That Count

COLLEGE football has the field. Rah-rahs resound in the stadiums while the bleachers of the ball parks are silent. When the football season is over the sporting year of 1924 may be said to be practically over.

It has been a great year. It leaves us the boss nation in athletics. We won far and away the most points at the Olympic games. We still hold the tennis cup and the polo cup. Our racehorses humbled the great Epinard, reminding him that his name translated into English is spinach. Jack Dempsey remains undisputed champion in his own intellectual sphere.

Foreigners say that we win because we have so large a population from which to choose our best against foreign bests. There is something in that. But Russia, India and China, which have larger populations than ours, have not been doing much in sport. We happen to be a sporting people.

It is also said that we win because we have such good training and organization and so much money to spend on both. There is a good deal in that. There is more in the fact that we play hard and work hard to win.

The vital question is how much good as a nation we get out of our athletic victories and out of the hundreds of millions that we spend in building ball parks, stadiums and golf courses and in training and admission fees.

Rooting for the home team may help voice production but not aid digestion or strengthen muscles. A hump shouldered man, spitting at a mark on a street corner and boasting of our champions' exploits is not getting much good out of them if he cannot run twenty yards to catch a car without being blowed.

We have carried this adulation of champions far enough. When I see a crowd hero-worshipping a champion it occurs to me that I should like some of this honor given to the men who were engaged in a game called war in '17-'18, and to men and women in our communities who are working for more public playgrounds and thinking in the terms that real sporting success as a people is not just in our bests beating foreign bests but in the average of American physique being better than the average of other nations.

I WANT games and exercise in the fresh air for all whether we have international champions or not. I have no use for the boy who quits playing the game because he cannot get on the school team or has no chance to excel all his rivals. The thing is to play the game for the game's sake.

For the game's sake means that you put all there is in you into the game. When you do not you are lying down on yourself as well as your comrades. For the game's sake means that you play clean. He who fouls in sport usually fouls in his relations in everyday life. For the game's sake means that you are not a sorehead in defeat and you do not boast in victory. For the game's sake does not mean that you play just for the glory of winning. Once you do you will have fallen into unsporting habits and you will cease to get all there is to get out of the game.

Amateur sport means that you play solely for the joy and exercise of the game. Professional sport means that you are paid to play. True amateurs are small boys at games on the sandlot out of school hours and their elders pitching quoits in the back yard out of work hours. Many eminent amateurs are really professionals. Their play is their school and work; their games their business. Some of them make money profit out of their fame. These are not as good sports as professionals

who play the game straight by never making any profit except their wages.

When the bribe taint touched some major league ball players a few weeks ago it developed the apprehension that when you were seeing a professional ball game the result might be due to dishonest barter rather than honest competition. If this ever happens our sporting ideas cease to be American and resemble the Oriental idea of the old Shah of Persia.

When he visited England many years ago he bet heavily on the horse which the then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, had entered for the Derby and which did not win. The old Shah felt that a shabby trick had been played on him. He concluded that Edward could not be much of a Prince if he could not prevent any other horse beating his. Edward could only explain that if the other jockeys had been bribed to throw the race he would have lost his job with the British public.

THE sporting spirit is at its best when fighting against odds.

Therefore we hail the victory of Walter Johnson and the Washingtons and of the little college team that beats the big college team. The most satisfactory boxing bout I ever saw was in an Alaskan mining camp. A bully of a heavy weight was seeking a match. A scrubby middle weight unknown offered to do his best. Odds were ten to one against him but he won after eighteen gnelling rounds.

We like the fellow who comes up from behind to win; we like the under dog to win. That reminds me of a dog story. Another American and I were on a Russian river steamer running through a gorge. A mongrel dog was following his master along the narrow path at the foot of the river wall. The steamer's swell engulfed the dog and washed him off the path. His master went on. The current was swift. It pulled the dog back. But he kept on pawing. He was no quitter. The two Americans rooted for him and when he won burst into shouts of delight.

"All this fuss over a dog!" exclaimed a passenger.

"The American sporting instinct," was the reply. I could imagine a transport load of American soldiers on their way into action getting keyed up in the same way at the sight of that dog's game fight.

May we never lose that instinct which is better than victories in the Olympic games. It is a thing to foster. We do not want it swamped by professionalism. With money you can build vast stadiums and racing stables and elaborate golf courses and make a great baseball or foot ball team. But the boy doing his best for the game's sake on a scrub team that lacks equipment may get more out of the game for the game's sake and his than if he were on the All-American nine or eleven.

If the money we spend on sport were more evenly and wisely distributed we might get fifty percent more physical benefit out of it than we do now. Again that means more playgrounds in all communities which the Legion has at heart and playing the game for the game's sake and the country's which Legionnaires know how to teach.

Because you cannot play many outdoor games in winter is no reason for giving up exercise. The worst form of indoor sport is stove hugging and criticising your neighbors. Exercise is preventive medicine for most ills not to mention for grouches. Muscle exercise is better than language exercises when father and mother have a jar. Walking is still good exercise. When I find my engine is full of carbon and I am getting bad tempered a five mile walk leaves me with a good appetite and at peace with the world.





# Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



**T**HE Company Clerk is glad to report more good responses made to requests of surviving relatives for information regarding their soldier dead. From Legionnaire Howard A. McLaughlin, 7101 Oleander Parkway, Chicago, comes this message:

I saw the inquiry regarding Corporal Winfred Ray Morrill in *Then and Now* in the September 5th issue. There seemed to be some question as to the outfit to which he belonged. Morrill was a member of our company, Motor Truck Company 495, which was the first unit of Motor Supply Train 421. He was taken sick with the flu a few days before we landed at Glasgow, Scotland. Upon landing, Morrill and another man, Private Harold Dietrich, were taken to a hospital in Glasgow, where Morrill died a few days later. If his relatives care to correspond with other members of the company I would be more than pleased to send them the names and addresses of every man. They might be able to get more detailed information from our former Company Clerk, Reginald Ryce, 109 Littleton Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, or the top sergeant, Ellis M. Powell, 305 East Hargett Street, Raleigh, North Carolina.

There seems to be some confusion in the War Department records of the case of Private Wendall Lord, reported to have left the front on November 2, 1918, because of wounds or other causes, and to have died in Base Hospital 218 at Poitiers, France, November 8, 1918. Richard W. Jerome of Montpelier, Vermont, writes:

Wendall Lord, Company F, 101st Ammunition Train, 26th Division, happened to be in the squad of which I was corporal when he departed for the Base Hospital, and that was a long time before we ever got to the front. He certainly, therefore, did not die of wounds or gas. It was soon reported back to the medical office at our camp that he had succumbed to Bright's disease. This information I know is correct.

Two responses came in the case of Lieut. Elden S. Betts, killed in action near Hill 240, Meuse Argonne, in October, 1918. Felix Faloretti, former bugler of Machine Gun Company, 16th Infantry, First Division, now of Springfield, Massachusetts, states:

Lieutenant Betts, who was with my company, was killed October 9, 1918, between six and seven o'clock in the morning. I was only four or five yards from him when he was struck by a machine-gun bullet which entered his chest. We were in a very dangerous position, and after I found that the lieutenant had been killed I had a hard time myself to get away from there. We lost the rest of the officers of our company the following day. First Lieutenant Young was just three yards behind Lieutenant Betts when the latter was killed. Lieutenant Young was killed the following

day at 4:30 p.m. on the top of Hill 240. I would like to meet some of the relatives of Lieutenant Betts and also of Lieutenant Young in order that I might express the love and regard I had for these two men.

Another man of the same company, P. G. Hurley of Freeland, Pennsylvania, reports:

I saw Lieutenant Betts killed on October 9, 1918, in the Meuse Argonne offensive. He was hit by a machine-gun bullet which penetrated his left lung. He was taken back to the first-aid station and from then on I do not know where he was sent or what happened.

Comrade Emil Francis Decker, Jr., 43d Company, Fifth Regiment, U. S. M. C., was reported killed in action at Mt. Blanc Ridge October 4, 1918, but the Government could not advise any details of his death. A request from his mother to his former comrades, published in *Then and Now*, brought this letter from M. G. Des Forges of Milwaukee, Wisconsin:

The first time I met Decker was just before the St. Mihiel offensive. The latter part of September, 1918, the Second Division, of which the Fifth Marines was a unit, was assigned to the Fourth French Army and started in the Champagne offensive. At the beginning of the drive Decker and eleven other men of the company, of which I happened to be one, were made stretcher bearers. We were stationed on a road near Somme Py, but because of the heavy shelling Decker and I followed our outfit through the demolished town of Somme Py. We took shelter in a trench while the first three waves of the assault units went forward and then followed to pick up the wounded.

After taking several wounded men back only a short distance we returned and caught up with our unit. Just as we reached it Lieutenant Stockman was wounded and four of the stretcher bearers, including Decker and myself, carried the Lieutenant back through trenches to an ambulance station about three kilometers to the rear. After leaving the lieutenant three of us returned to the front while Decker said he was going down the road to a well to fill his canteen.

Several days later, when I was going back to the same place for water, I found a fresh grave near a road, the name of which I do not remember, about ten miles out of Somme Py toward the German lines. The grave was marked with Decker's identification tag. All that anyone of the outfit knew of his death was that he left to fill his canteen, was killed and buried. His grave was found when we were relieved from the front line, and most of the men saw his grave when we were leaving the Champagne sector.

The surname Johnson is by no means unusual, but not every infantry com-

pany had a Johnson and a Johnston, both of whom bore the same given name, Henry. A request for information regarding the death of Henry J. Johnson, Private, Company M, 16th Infantry, First Division, appeared in these columns several months ago. The first responses came from Legionnaires Everett A. Kilmer of Morris, Illinois; John L. Garrett of Rockport, Indiana, and George H. Dean of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, all of whom told of a Henry J. Johnson, private, who died of wounds received when a dud shell exploded while the First Division was on its hike to the Army of Occupation in Germany after the Armistice. A check of the honor roll in the History of the First Division discloses under Company M, 16th Infantry the names of Henry J. Johnston, pvt., died of wounds, and Henry J. Johnson, pvt., killed in action. The man whom the first reports covered was Henry J. Johnston and not Henry J. Johnson. Then came this letter from Comrade Raymond M. Dicks of Augusta, Georgia, which told of Henry J. Johnson, pvt., who was killed in action and about whom the original request for information had been made:

On July 18, 1918, after we reached our first objective near the Soisson-Paris road, I mounted my machine gun and after having been there several hours I noticed one body among the dead that had received a direct hit by a high explosive shell. I asked permission of my company commander to bury the body. Before placing this body in the grave that we had dug I examined it for identification and found thereon two sets, or four, identification tags, each bearing the name Private Henry J. Johnson, Co. M, 16th Inf. I buried two tags with the body, put one on the grave marker and have one in my possession now which I would be glad to turn over to his relatives.

The Company Clerk hopes for the sake of the following buddies' relatives that comrades will report at once if they know anything concerning their death or burial:

EDWARD BERTON SMALLRIDGE, pvt., Co. I, 16th Inf., First Div., reported missing in action between July 18 and 26, 1918; about July or August, 1919, he was reported killed in action July 21, 1918; a letter addressed to him in August, 1918, was returned to sender in October, 1919, with notation that he had returned to the United States with casualties on May 7, 1919. (Name included in First Division History honor roll as killed in action.)

MIDDLETON H. SCOTT, pvt., Co. 16, S. A. R. D., died on British troopship which sailed from Hoboken on or about September 21, 1918, for France, and buried at sea. Relatives want to hear from comrades and recover some of his personal effects, such as watch and ring. Maj. John A. Nelson and Lt. A. L. Jones were in charge of outfit.

LESTER OTHOUDT, pvt., Co. H, 49th Inf., Fourth Div., killed in action November 5, 1918. [Regimental number incorrect; the 39th, 47th, 58th and 59th Regiments constituted the Fourth Division Infantry.—C. C.]

CLARENCE JOHN BOLDEN, Med. Corps, 30th Div. Not heard from since he sailed for France in May, 1918.

RALPH RYLE, Hq. Co., 148th Inf., disappeared from Camp Sheridan, Alabama, December 28 or 29, 1917. Believed to have met with foul play. Government records have him listed as deserter.





Next summer your post might try some scheme like this one of Ocean City (New Jersey) Legionnaires. Happy families of buddies from near and far are shown doing their stuff in the chow tent. Below, a company street, with the tents in which guests of the post were quartered



## A Vacation de Luxe--and Cheap

JASON had a tough time finding the golden fleece a few thousand years ago, but today the horny-handed hotel landlord at a popular oceanside beach-and-boardwalk resort regards Jason contemptuously as an ineffective pioneer and soft-hearted amateur. Anyway, justifiably or not, the vacationist so regards the hotel landlord. The dollar-a-minute palaces beside the roaring waves have to hang out the standing-room-only signs most of the summer, and all the landlords have to do is to keep a fleet of motor trucks busy hauling the bales of golden fleece to the banks.

New Jersey's Atlantic seacoast is the peacock alley of the tribe of the golden fleece—and it prides itself upon its magic boardwalk cities where spending is an uproariously enjoyable game.

Ocean City, New Jersey, is a mighty fine oceanside resort, and not at all an expensive place as such resorts are ranked. It is also the home of Morgan-Ranck Post of The American Legion.

Morgan-Ranck Post last summer undertook the experiment of providing beach-and-boardwalk vacations for inland Legionnaires at an exceedingly low cost. The experiment worked famously. For two months the post was host to an average of fifty persons—Legionnaires and their families—each week. It provided them with food and shelter, and the cost was only nine dollars weekly for each person.

Right on the beachfront was the post's seashore recreation camp, rows of tents divided by company streets. The Legionnaire vacationers were able to hop out of the tents in bathing suits, skip along walks that reminded them of the duckboards of army camps, and jump into the sands which the waves were lapping.

Each tent was sixteen feet square—the regulation army size. It was set over a board platform. Each tent was electrically lighted, and electric lights were placed along all the streets of the camp. Shower baths and sanitary fa-

cilities were adequate.

The camp provided real chow—not hand-me-down stuff out of cans, but foods prepared by colored cooks with Southern training, the perfect antidote for an attack of seashore appetite. The food was served in a large, airy mess tent.

The city authorities of Ocean City co-operated with Morgan-Ranck Post to make the camp successful. The New Jersey Department of the Legion helped by sending bulletins prepared by the Ocean City Post to all posts in the State. So successful was the camp that plans for its operation in the summer of 1925 were made before the tents came down this season. Registrations for the camp will be made by Morgan-Ranck Post for the coming season. The only requirements for applicants are that they must be Legionnaires or members of a Legionnaire's family, and applications must bear a recommendation by the commander of the applicant's post.



# A Flying Start for 1925—Now

**G**ET a flying start for 1925," is the request which has been made of every post of The American Legion by Frank Samuel, of Kansas, Director of the Organization and Membership Division at the Legion's National Headquarters.

"Enroll all your old members before January 1st, if possible, so that your post can use its entire strength in 1925 to sign up new members," Mr. Samuel is urging as he sets going the machinery for a huge membership effort by every department and post during the final months of 1924.

The new effort is based upon the reasoning that collection of dues is much easier during the last three months of the year than during the after-the-holidays reaction which always ushers in a new year. In past years the fact that posts and departments have had to concentrate most of their energies on the task of securing renewals and new members during the first difficult months of each new year has slowed up other Legion activities and has resulted in late starts on many important post and departmental projects.

The pocket-book that feels like a balloon tire in November is apt to be a flat tire on New Year's Day.

And so far as post dues are concerned, the paid-up feeling is more comforting than a New Year's resolution.

There are other reasons why post and department membership efforts ought to be started now, Mr. Samuel points out. New commanders and adjutants are on the job. They have just come from the annual conventions and they have fresh enthusiasm and all sorts of energy. Post meetings, resumed after a summer of comparative rest, are well attended and everybody is keyed up to put across anything decided upon.

National Headquarters will present two forms of citations to the posts making the best memberships showings before January 1st. The first is a Distinguished Service citation which will be presented to all posts enrolling by December 1, 1924, a 1925 membership equal to their membership on August 15, 1924, as shown by National Headquarters records. The second citation is a Citation for Meritorious Service" to be presented to posts enrolling by December 31, 1924, as many 1925 members as they had on August 15, 1924.

Each citation will be signed by the National Commander and the National Adjutant and will be well worth framing. In awarding the citations no distinction will be made between large and small posts.

As uniform and business-like methods help greatly in signing up members, each department headquarters will supply to the posts within its state upon request a quantity of "statement of

dues" forms, suitable for mailing to each post member. The forms bear a greeting from the National Commander and will show the amount of post, department and national dues. Hundreds of posts have used similar forms on their own initiative in other years, and the general use of the forms is expected to result in the making of a new membership record.

Many departments are making elaborate plans in keeping with the national effort. Minnesota, for example, which signed up 27,200 Legionnaires in 1924 as compared with 24,512 in the preceding year, held a banquet and rally in Minneapolis on November 1st as the start of a drive in which the department hopes to enroll 5,000 members for 1925 before Armistice Day. A quota of 500 members has been set for each district of the State.

In practically every Department, plans call for intensive membership-getting efforts in connection with the observance of Armistice Day. Several departments have urged all posts to establish membership booths in which literature and application blanks may be given out. Many posts are planning to display war relics in the membership booths. Others will equip the booths with radio sets. National Headquarters will supply posts with literature especially suited for distribution from the booths.

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## TURN OUT ON ARMISTICE DAY AND SHOW YOUR COLORS

**M**AKE November eleventh a joyful holiday.

**C**ARRY the Star Spangled Banner and the post standard of The American Legion side by side through the streets of every town and city in the country.

**M**ARCH to the music of post bands and fife and drum corps.

**W**EAR the uniform if you have one. If you haven't, march anyway.

**H**OLD a meeting as well as a parade. Hold it in a park or in a hall. Carry out the beautiful American Legion Armistice Day ceremony and invite everybody in your community to witness it.

**L**ET that program include a few moments of silence for the men and women for whom Armistice Day never dawned, and for those who have since gone into the sunset.

**T**HIS ceremony will inspire friendship and sympathy and support for your post and for the Legion, for it reveals the Legion's true character.

**I**T proves that we have not forgotten what we learned in war. It proves that we are still banded together for causes as glorious as those which first brought us together more than six years ago at our country's call. It proves that we are fighting as hard to keep the peace we so dearly bought as we once fought to win it.

**A**S we assemble on Armistice Day this year we give a public testimonial of our lasting faith in our country, a faith that rises superior to partisanship or differences on any grounds. Armistice Day, therefore, is a day not only for rejoicing in the recollections of the war's ending of five years ago, but it is also a pledge day of service to God and country.





# The Armistice Communiqué

(Continued from page 9)

paper and working on his books. He is small, with great power written in his face, his nose still bearing the scars received from the shrapnel ten years ago this summer. Sitting on the stone porch of his little villa with the sea stretched out before us and the snow-white peaks of the Maritime Alps behind, he told me of his feelings that wet afternoon at Chantilly as the door shut and he was left alone to write the message for which an entire nation was waiting.

Ten sheets of paper were handed to him on which had been written the reports from each army headquarters on the French front. From these ten sheets he was supposed to summarize in a few sentences an account of the principal events of the previous day. The whole thing had to be in front of General Joffre at four o'clock for his signature. It was two when Pierrefeu set to work.

He looked the sheets over. Before his eyes were the name of towns he had never heard of. Were they important or not? He consulted a list of communes and went to work. Linty—was it in the Woivre or in Lorraine? The sweat stood out on his forehead as time passed. A paragraph was written, crossed out, rewritten twenty times.

Then the question of artillery activity—that most sensitive barometer of modern war. How to tell what bombarded zones should be signalled in the midst of the detailed accounts. Here reprisal firing. There firing on advanced posts—was that important enough to mention? Intermittent activity, heavy activity, ordinary activity, medium activity. Had it lasted an hour or six hours? Facts swam before his eyes, his head spun with details.

He tried to see the general to ask advice. Or even his chief of staff. They were in conference and no one seemed to be able to help him. Two-thirty came and went, then three. At last it was half past three. In despair he sat down and in thirty lines tried to tell what had happened the previous day on that vast front from the Somme to Switzerland. He took it timidly to the general's door and handed it to an orderly for Joffre to sign. In about three seconds it was back in his hands. With a great, fat pen the marshal had drawn heavy lines across the corporal's efforts. Underneath he had written:

"Nothing of importance along the entire front."

**S**UCH was the fate of the first communiqué attempted by Jean de Pierrefeu. As French Headquarters moved from Chantilly to Compiègne, and then from Compiègne to Provins, he followed. Each day he drew up in a couple of paragraphs the events of the previous twenty-four hours and submitted them to the general in chief. On receiving the latter's signature he gave them to the members of the press, who telephoned them to the Paris papers. Joffre left, Nivelles took command, Nivelles fell from favor and Pétain suc-

ceeded. By this time Pierrefeu was a second lieutenant, and it was as a second lieutenant that, on November 11, 1918, he wrote the most momentous communiqué of the whole war, and the last one to be sent out from French general headquarters.

All that week, he told me, rumors were circulating every hour. A hundred times in the first two days of November had the Germans capitulated. On the evening of the 3rd Pierrefeu was stopped in the stairway by General Buat, Pétain's chief of staff. The general face was illumined, his hands were trembling.

"I'm going to give you some big news," he said. "The Germans have resolved to ask for an armistice. Yes, yes, it is true this time. A dispatch from Berne tells us that they have made advances to the Swiss government asking it to act as an intermediary."

The news spread through the big chateau that housed headquarters. Soon came a message to announce that the Germans had asked President Wilson to name terms for an Armistice, and that he had advised them to address themselves to Marshal Foch. For several days the French general staff devoted themselves to drawing up the terms of an armistice, and so severe were the terms that general opinion was that the Germans would never accept the conditions.

**B**UT the French staff was wrong. The morning of the eleventh, at nine o'clock, a telephone call came from the advanced post at Chantilly, requesting Lieutenant Pierrefeu. He left in a car immediately, and arrived at Chantilly to find Pétain at breakfast. The general was setting out for Paris, and told Pierrefeu that in an hour the

Armistice would be signed and the war would be over. He then gave him instructions for the last communiqué to be issued—the decisive communiqué in which was to be chronicled the end of the greatest struggle in history.

At three o'clock the telephone announced that the general was returning directly to Provins. Once more Pierrefeu's car set out, coursing slowly through crowds of delirious merry-makers. In every village the townspeople were dancing in the streets; soldiers and villagers alike were cheering and singing. It was nine o'clock before headquarters at Provins was reached.

**P**IERREFEU hurried to his office and wrote the last communiqué. The general had returned but was not at his desk. An impromptu celebration had been arranged by the troops, and the chief was in a box in the theatre. It was a small provincial theatre, dirty, barren, ugly, with all the seats out save in the boxes, and a vast crowd standing in the pit and the galleries. In the box sat Pétain with Buat and half a dozen other generals attached to Headquarters.

A soldier was reciting as Pierrefeu crowded his way in and insisted on being taken to Pétain's box. He managed to worm past the staff officers with their elegant capes and hats with gilt and braid and handed the hastily-scribbled document to Pétain. The general took it, glanced at it in the light of the gas jets spluttering overhead, read it through. When he had finished he took his pen, and with a flourish signed his full name—Philippe Pétain. Then, as an afterthought, before returning it, he scribbled at the bottom: "Fermé pour cause de victoire"—"Closed on account of victory."

## THE LAST COMMUNIQUÉ

(See reproduction of manuscript on page 9)

### TRANSCRIPTION

Au 52me mois d' une guerre sans précédent dans l' histoire, l' armée française, avec l' aide de ses alliés, a consommé la défaite de l' ennemi.

Nos troupes, animées du plus pur esprit de sacrifice, donnant pendant quatre années de combats ininterrompus l' exemple d' une sublime endurance et d' un heroisme quotidien, ont rempli la tâche que leur avait confiée la Patrie, tantôt supportant avec une énergie indomptable les assauts de l' ennemi, tantôt attaquant elles mêmes et forçant la victoire.

Elles ont après une offensive decisive de quatre mois bousculé, battu et jeté hors de France la puissante armée allemande et l' ont contrainte à demander la paix. Toutes les conditions exigées pour la suspension des hostilités ayant été acceptées par l' ennemi, l' armistice est entré en vigueur, ce, matin, à onze heures.

### TRANSLATION

In the 52d month of a war without precedent in history, the French Army, with the aid of the Allies, has achieved the defeat of the enemy.

Our troops, animated by the purest spirit of sacrifice and giving during four years of uninterrupted fighting a sublime example of endurance and heroism daily, have fulfilled the task confided to them by the mother country, meeting at times with indomitable energy the enemy assaults and at other times themselves attacking—thus bringing victory.

They have, after a decisive offensive of four months, thrown into disorder, beaten and thrown out of France the powerful German Army. They have compelled it to beg for peace. All the conditions required for the suspension of hostilities having been accepted by the enemy, an armistice came into force this morning at eleven o'clock.



# Service to the Community



Rehabilitating its home town was the most important problem which confronted Cloquet (Minnesota) Post when it was formed in 1919. The town was completely destroyed by a forest fire in October, 1918, while many of its young men were fighting in the Argonne. The post put its own clubhouse fund to work rebuilding the homes and stores of the town and it has formed a forest fire patrol reserve to guard the town from another fire. These two photographs show how Cloquet, with its Legion post and all citizens working in the common task, has risen from its ruins since 1918. The photograph at the left was taken immediately after the fire. The one at the right, taken from the same camera position, shows the town as it is today. Cloquet Post's record won it honorable mention in a state-wide community service contest conducted by the Minnesota Legion.

**S**OMEBODY once made the crack that he could make a kitchen table fly by hooking a powerful enough engine to it.

I think of this every time I see an airplane engine running on the testing block, standing alone, stripped of its wings, but roaring like an annoyed cyclone.

How useless a perfectly good engine is until it is doing whatever it was built to do!

A lot of Minnesota posts of The American Legion once seemed as futile as an engine on the testing block. They ran smoothly and powerfully in their clubhouses and everybody admitted they were mighty fine engines. But they didn't seem to be able to get off the testing block. Nobody had tried attaching them to the wings of enterprise so that they might rise to popular flights of community accomplishment.

This year, however, there have been no idle Legion engines in Minnesota. Without exception every post in the State has been outside its own hangar, trying to make a record flight. It has been trying to do some outstanding thing for its town or city. It has been trying to demonstrate to the citizens of its community that the Legion does more than hold post meetings, parades and conventions.

The man who set the whole Minnesota Department to buzzing this year is Luther Youngdahl, Past Vice-Commander. Youngdahl had been active in the Gopher Gang ever since the First National Convention in Minneapolis. He had more pet theories on the Legion than he knew what to do with, so

when they elected him a vice-commander he was fairly bursting for action.

"Here's my chance," he told himself. "I'll get the Commander to make me head of the Post Activities Committee and we'll work out a scheme to get every post in the State up to its neck in Legion work—every one of them doing something big and worthwhile for its town and, at the same time, developing its own strength of membership and its prestige as a Legion unit."

Youngdahl got his appointment. Past Commander Ludwig I. Roe gave him a free hand and told him to work out the plan and the whole department would be behind him.

The first thing Youngdahl did was to call on the editor of the *Minneapolis Journal*, one of the big Minnesota dailies that always had been friendly to the Legion. He told the editor he wanted a silver loving cup to offer as a trophy in a post activities race. Just what sort of race this was to be wasn't quite clear to the editor, but he arranged for the donation of the cup.

**T**HE nature of the race wasn't clear to Youngdahl either at the moment. Youngdahl, Roe and Department Adjutant Stafford King finally decided to award the cup to "the most active post in the State during the fiscal year, the trophy to become the permanent possession of the winner." They decided to establish a table of percentages. As finally worked out in the percentage chart, community service counted 40; increase of membership over 1923 total, by July 15, 1924, 10; use of Legion

Manual of Ceremonies, 5; welfare work, 10; attendance at post meetings, 5; Americanism work, 15; musical activities, 5; post entertainment, 5; support of department and national organizations, 5.

Included under the head of community service were parks, playgrounds, skating rinks, swimming pools, community buildings, community pageants, community picnics, clean-up campaigns, tourist camps, trade campaigns, lyceum courses and tree planting.

Under welfare work were listed Rochester Legion Hospital donations, attention to compensation and other war-service claims, visiting hospitalized comrades and providing them with good things, obtaining employment for buddies, and general relief work for veterans.

Boy Scout organization, observance of Constitution Week, Education Week and patriotic holidays; citizenship work, including receptions for newly-made citizens; co-operation with schools in holding essay contests, awarding scholarship medals and teaching Americanism were included under the Americanism heading.

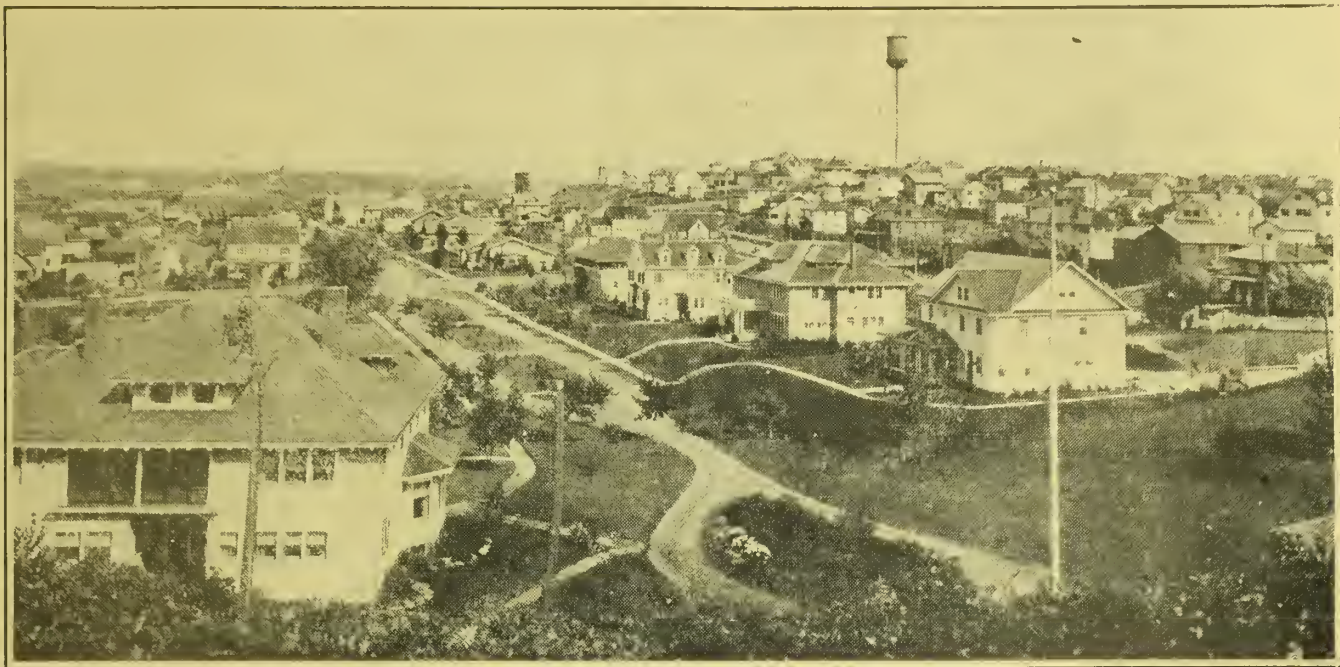
Organization of a Legion band, drum corps, quartet or glee club was embraced in musical activities, and account was to be taken of the part the musical organization played in post and community meetings.

Dramatics, games, feeds, dances, county picnics, parties and meetings with neighboring posts came under the head of post entertainments.

Support of department and national organizations included attending state



# Is No Idle Boast *in* Minnesota



and national conventions and conferences, supporting national and department publications, supporting state and national legislative programs and co-operation in department and national membership campaigns.

Chairman Youngdahl and his committee—J. M. Henry of Winona, Allen Moore of Fairmont, Nate V. Keller of Virginia and M. M. Kalton of Greenwood—in a bulletin announcing the terms of the cup race, said:

"It will be noted that community service is given a rating of 40 percent in the schedule of activities. This has been done with a realization that, in the future, service to the community, state and nation will be the foremost work of The American Legion. With the adjusted compensation problem out of the way, and with the disabled problem well in hand, The American Legion must bend its efforts in the future more energetically than ever before to proving to the people of the United States, by its unselfish program of service, that it is an organization that will live in American life because it deserves to survive."

The posts were acquainted with the terms of the cup race, through bulletins, through the department publication, and by Legion speakers. It was announced that a Legion bench would be chosen to pick the winning post, and that the award would be made after a careful review of briefs which must be submitted a week before the opening date of the department convention.

"**W**E'RE going to take the posts' word for what they have accomplished," Chairman Youngdahl announced. "But we'll have a couple of Legionnaires among the judges who will be able to spot any exaggerations."

Choosing the members of the bench wasn't the easiest part of the job. There were posts that feared the city organizations would have the edge be-

By Jack Welch

fore the race began. There were others that predicted the winner would be a country post, because central committees in the larger cities do much of the work that individual organizations do in the smaller towns. However, the misgivings of these doubters were banished when the personnel of the bench was announced. The judges were J. A. O. Preus, Governor of Minnesota; Mayor Arthur Nelson, of St. Paul; District Judge C. A. Nye, of Moorhead; District Judge Levi Hall, of Minneapolis, and District Judge Frank T. Wilson, of Stillwater.

It was announced that the cup would be presented at the department convention by the commander to the commander of the winning post. All these announcements received good publicity. All the newspapers of the State carried a series of stories as the plans for the race developed and the contest got under way.

Few briefs were received at department headquarters until the time limit had nearly expired—so few that department officers began to wonder whether the cup race had been a flivver.

"Any briefs showed up yet?" Chairman Youngdahl phoned the office every day—two or three times a day as the deadline drew closer.

"Nothing doing yet," was Adjutant King's reply.

But two days before the close of the race the mailman began complaining that it was all the same Christmas time. There were briefs in rolls, briefs in big envelopes, briefs in packages tied with blue ribbon—by ordinary mail, special delivery, registered mail.

It looked for a while as though every one of Minnesota's 514 posts had suddenly taken a hand at compiling a brief. The competition wasn't quite as hot as that.

The judges convened at the time and place appointed. They met in the morning, and some time after lunch hour they were still poring over the briefs. They adjourned until later in the afternoon. They read, rejected and accepted until sixteen briefs remained of those submitted. They were the ones sent in by the posts in the towns of Hibbing, Fertile, Austin, Cokato, Willmar, Hill City, Cloquet, Little Falls, Faribault, North St. Paul, Ely, Mora, and the North Side, Calhoun, Hellenic and Giantvalley Posts of Minneapolis.

**T**HE entrants had been instructed to divide their briefs into sections corresponding with the percentage table. Most of them did so, but otherwise there was a wide variation in the sort of material. Some of the briefs were briefs in fact; others were briefs only in name. The winning brief wasn't the longest one nor yet the shortest. It stated in clear, concise terms the record of the year's work, without comment and without any plea for special recognition. It was the record submitted by Cokato Post. The other fifteen posts were given places on the year's honor roll.

Cokato's chief bid to fame was its community service. But the whole record was one of well-balanced activity. The winning brief recited that "Cokato post, recognizing the value of a community park and recreation ground, purchased ten and one-half acres of lake shore property on Brooks Lake, adjoining the village of Cokato, for the sum of \$2,000. Loans were made by individual members to the post and the property was paid for in cash. A landscape artist and surveyors were employed to lay out the park and to make blueprints for the proper procedure in developing and beautifying the grounds. The approximate cost of

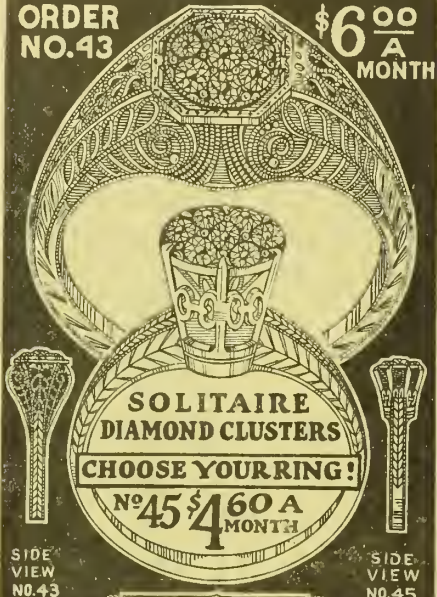
(Continued on page 26)



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\$6<sup>00</sup> A MONTH



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10 MONTHS TO PAY

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## "The Lost Battalion" in Films Now Available for Your Post



Lost Battalion heroes re-enacted their fateful experience for the movie camera. Left to right, Private Munson, D. S. C.; Lieutenant Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, Congressional Medal; Major George McMurtry, Congressional Medal; Corporal Cepaglia, D. S. C. Colonel Whittlesey has since died

HERE is important news for the Legion post movie exhibitors. The American Legion Film Service has just procured another war film, an exceptionally powerful drama combining actual history, romance and mystery, based on one of the most dramatic happenings in the Argonne. This film is "The Lost Battalion," and the actors who appear in it are the survivors of the famous siege in the woods. Lieut. Col. Charles W. Whittlesey, commander of the real "Lost Battalion," helped re-enact for the camera the thrilling scenes of 1918. Colonel Whittlesey died a short time after the motion picture was made, and the picture thus represents a doubly valuable historical exhibit.

The American Legion Film Service at Indianapolis will supply the film to

posts in towns and cities of less than 45,000 population and will tell posts in larger cities how they may procure the film. Fill out this coupon if you want your post to give your community a good show and make money for itself:

American Legion Film Service,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Please rush information about the motion picture, "The Lost Battalion" to:

..... (Name of post) (City) (State)

..... (Post Official's Name) (Office)

## An Armistice Knight in Paree

(Continued from page 5)

corde; allied soldiers and gobs was haulin' captured German cannon around, while flocks o' mad'moiselles was perched on the caissons. Around here the M. P.'s was not in evidence, except in the way of a grease spot or two. An army of assorted Australians, Alpine chausseurs, Welsh gunners and Kansas seafarin' men was doin' a lock-step around the square, but as I was never partial to jail-yard pastimes, I gold-bricked the detail and slunk to a side street.

Here in a little quiet, my hands went in my pockets to see if I'd been frisked for the seventy-five francs I rolled from the railway engineers, and great was my joy to discover that even the pick-pockets had declared a holiday. Hands in my pockets, head bowed down with financial respons'ibility, thus I was when

a large figure in uniform flashed past me on the narrow walk, and then in a high-pitched voice of authority he sounds off:

"Halt! Young man, c'm here."

I about-faced. My paws was still in my pockets when I seen who had addressed me so abrupt. It was only a major general.

Blinkin' and stutterin', I tried the right-hand salute, but it was only a weak imitation o' policin' the eye for Pittsburgh clinkers. In the meantime, before I could be sentenced to be hung or shot, I seized the chance of givin' him the quick up-and-over. He was the high-rankin'est major general I ever laid eyes on. He had more medals than silhouette targets had patches. I guess he wore every decoration from Congressional Medal to Belgian police-dog tag.



His chest glittered in the low, descend-in' sun like a tin peddler's van. He had hero wrote all over him in metal polish.

My respect for him went into high when I lamped three wound stripes on his left wing. A major general with wound stripes! Why, I wouldn't of been more surprised the next minute to see a stripeless zebra. Or a lazy flea.

"Young man, my—er—orders to you were to ap-p-proach."

My approach was sliced, through sheer nervousness. When I was within six paces o' the general and a general sweat, I raised my hand to chop off a real Curly Wolf Division salute. The next thing I knew I was *shakin' hands* with him!

"Young fellah, I'm glad to know you. Glad to shее you in shuch a sh-sh-shober condition on the day o' the arm-tish."

It was the general who had grabbed my fin and now he kept shakin' my arm until I was afraid it would shake loose. Standin' so close to the major general, somethin' told me that he was what in polite social parlance is known as partly plastered. Or what mah jongg mandarins would call three sheets in the East Wind.

"You're a shnappy young fellow—I like y-y-your looks," says the high-rank-in' rum victim, still pumpin' my arm.

"Yessir," I responds, "yessir, yessir." I'm just runnin' over with the old yes-syrup, when the general put his arm around me, the one with the casualty coupons on it, and leads me away to the haunts of festivity, and finally we reaches the Place de l' Opera. We're really chummy by this time. The major general is tellin' me that we are all pals together, now that the war is finnay, and that there's no more rank, only that some are ranker than others—and he breaks off his discourse to bawl the pin-feathers off a Q. M. second-louie which fails to salute him. Far be it from me to gloat, but from the look in that shave-tail's eye, I knew that he got my gloat.

We are now in the full swing o' things. Arm in arm, the major general and me lit the grand promenade, and woe to the Yank captain, major, or even colonel which failed to salute him—I mean us—on that alley of free and unlimited salutations. If anybody was surprised to see a general and a demoted corp'ral weavin' along arm in arm, they didn't show it, because anything was likely to happen that dizzy day.

At the Boul' des Capucins and the

### Beware the Fake Solicitor

THE American Legion Weekly at this time employs no professional subscription solicitors. Subscriptions at the rate of \$2 a year may be placed by mail with The Legion Subscription Service, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City, or through any post of The American Legion. Legionnaires are warned that fraudulent magazine salesmen or solicitors have in many instances victimized the public recently by accepting partial payment for a year's subscription and giving as receipts a coupon used in a circulation campaign conducted some months ago. The use of these out-of-date coupons is absolutely unauthorized. The persons selling them are guilty of fraud and should be reported to the proper authorities.



## fall in line == to get your *new* CORONA FOUR

THIS isn't like the mess-line at St. Aignan or Brest. And it isn't like the line you handed the Ma'mselle who tended bar in Nancy.

This is a line-up of joyous Corona fans. All anxious to see the *new* model.

There was a rumor that the *new* Corona was coming out with a *four-row keyboard*. And say, boys,—it's a fact! Just like a regular office machine—self-spacing carriage return, 12-yard, reversible ribbon—and a *four-row keyboard* (as we whispered before)—*but* still a light, easy-to-carry portable.

### Corona Keeps in step with the Legion

Did Corona ever fail you in France? No-siree! And now that the Legion is growing—Corona has to grow, too. So we are offering Legionnaires a better, handier, more complete machine than ever before—built on the good Corona plan.

Step into line! It forms on the right at your Corona Supply Sergeant's store. (Look for "Corona" in your telephone book.)

Use  
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Company, Inc.  
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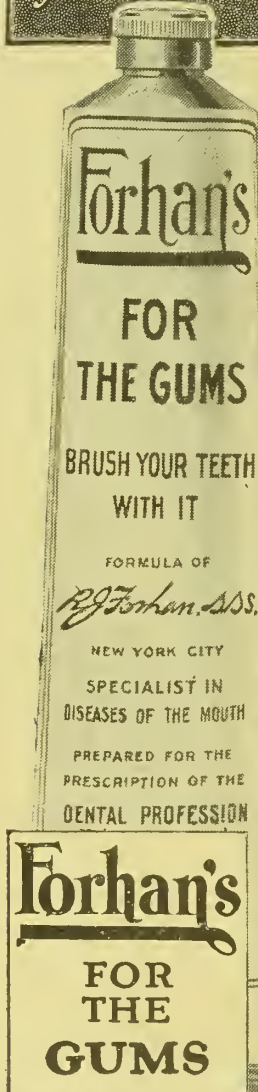
Ship me all the information about Corona Four and tell me where I can find a "Supply Sergeant" who will show me one.

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**Unhealthy gums denoted  
by tenderness and bleeding**



**UNHEALTHY** soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts **four out of five** people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

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Boul' Montmartre we was prevented from crossin' the street by a brown-painted officer's limousine. There was a major general's flag flutterin' at the bowsprit, and on the rear seat was a loot'nant colonel and two majors of the staff. They was takin' it easy and enjoyin' the sights o' Paris en fete, and therefore they was quite overdue in payin' their respects to a major general standin' on the curb and takin' their mud on his elegant aviator's boots.

For a minute my general let out a low growl which failed to disturb the staff style show, but pretty soon he busts loose with a roar like a peace conference in a lion's den, and they all jump to attention as if kissed by a trolley wire.

"Don't you rec-nize me, a maizher-gen'ral o' the A. E. F.?" says my glitterin' chief. "Whazza-matter with your arms? Come to attensh'n. Here, chauffeur, hold that car. You offishers get out. I wanta take your names. You need a lesh-shun in mil'tary c-e-cour-t'sy."

Quakin' in their boots, the staff officers piled out o' the staffmobile and lined up at the curb. They was now salutin' with both hands and without the numbers. My major general took their names and org'nizations, and told 'em that they was makin' a bad impression on his young friend here, meanin' me!

From their pained expressions these staffies looked like they had aides de camps, as they tried to offer their apologies. But the general didn't wait for 'em to grovel in the rich Paris mud. Grabbin' me by the collar, he lifts me bodily into the big car, jumps into it himself, slams the gate and tells the army chauffeur: "Go ahead!"

The machine glides away, leavin' those staff officers wonderin' just what had happened. The chauffeur didn't ask no questions of us, even if the car did belong to some other general. My hunch was that these staff officers had been joy-ridin' without permission and they had no legitimate squawk when they was outranked and outed by a full major general.

"Well, it seemed like a doughboy's dream. Me doin' Paris on the cushions of a staff car! If my buddies in B company could only see me now. If my captain and my top-kicker could only snap a bull's-eye view of their gas expert lollin' in a major general's limousine. And then I thought of Mike Burlleigh, my sworn enemy from the old home town and now a hard-workin' M. P. If he could only singe his eyebrows lookin' at this pageant o' promotion!

While my major general was acceptin' the salutes o' the allied armies, he got sort o' confidential with me. In fact, he let me in on a bunch o' secrets that buck privates ain't supposed to know until they read about 'em in letters from the home folks six months afterward. My major general had just come back from Chaumont, he said, where he got decorated by General Pershing. Before that he'd paid a social call at British grand headquarters, where the king had pinned on him the Order o' the Gallus—or the Garter—I forget which. The King of Italy had also remembered him very kindly with the clasp of the Knights of Ravioli, or somethin' equally valuable.

No wonder my major general was celebratin'! He took a kind interest in my welfare, and when I told him I was a fightin' fool from the Curly Wolf Division and a graduate o' Gashouse

University, his delight was unboundless, and he says to me, he says, that I must stay in Paris as his guest for a week or two, and that he'll see if he can't get me transferred here as his pers'nal orderly.

A general's orderly in Paris! I can't express how disorderly my thoughts was just then.

While I was cuddled up in wild ideas and soft cushions, our car was stopped by a traffic snarl o' humans and machines, mostly Q. M. camions full of yellin' Yanks and poilus.

"Vive l' Amerique! Vive le general!" Somethin' warm and muscular grabbed me around the neck. I recognized it as the arm of a Parisian grisette. She had just clumb aboard the general's car to show her love and appreciation for Uncle Sam's boys. At the same time there was a resoundin' smack, and I saw that another frilly Fifi had laid holt of my major general, and was now orientin' his whiskers for osculatory attack.

It was certainly ladies' day on the main drag. At least a dozen fair damozels swarmed over that boulevard boat and they took turns salutin' the general in their warm, emotional way, while I came in for seconds and salvage smacks which flew like sparks off a flywheel.

When the motor parade finally started up again, we found that our car had been annexed by two permanent passengers o' the female persuasion. One of 'em was a straw-colored sheba which went by the name o' Cloquette. The other little playmate was a roguish little front cover effect from La Vie Parisienne, and if her name wasn't Flo-Flo it ought to of been, so I dubbed her that from the jump. Flo-Flo was ready to take me in for better or for worse, and I wished the boys could see me now—as I held both her little hands in mine where I could keep my eyes on 'em, at the same time keepin' a firm anchor on my roll of beaucoup francs.

La, la! So this was Paree! My major general suggested a light supper with champagne for a chaser at Nero's, and then a box party at the Folies Bergere. I knew better than to contradict a major general when he's layin' out a campaign of operations. Flo-Flo and Cloquette were ready for 'most anything exceptin' murder and stereopticon Chautauqua lectures, so we wouldn't have no difficulty inducin' them to accompany us to Nero's and shovel in hummin' birds' eyebrows and drink a few quarts o' liquid opals and pearls.

So leavin' our chauffeur at the curb, with instructions to stay parked there or be put in irons, we made our grand, spectacular entrance in Nero's world-famous eatin' house.

"Gangway for a major general and his orderly," I sounded off to the uniformed footmen at the gold and marble entrance.

Once inside the gaudy joint, I managed to broadcast an "Attention" which made itself heard above the orchestra, buzzin' o' conversation and drum-fire o' corks. The next moment my major general made his appearance at the top o' the grand staircase, Flo-Flo hangin' on one arm and Cloquette on the other, and his chest reflectin' the lights with his Croix de Guerre, Medaille Militaire, D. S. O., Order o' the Vermicelli, Order o' the Royal Suspenders, Order o' the Belgian Boiled Owls—and every other hero decoration that ever brought joy to the safety pin trust.

My "Attention" was a howlin' suc-

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cess. The way that crazy armistice crowd o' officers o' all nationals leaped to attention is somethin' I can never successfully forget.

"Rest!" I blurts with a top-kicker accent when we take our table. Over a hundred pairs of spurs slides under tablecloths, and the serious business o' allocatin' the wine crop o' France is resumed with renewed vigor.

But the "attention" we got from the Sam Brownes was nothin' to the kind o' attention a flock o' pirate-faced waiters was now givin' us. Flo-Flo and Cloquette was medium hungry. Diggin' themselves in at the appetizer course, they advanced across the menu under a heavy barrage o' girlish chatter, until they had ordered the waiters to bring everything from the kitchen exceptin' the goose grease and skillets. My major general was looking ponderous over his glasses at the wine list. But I wasn't bothered as to the cravin's o' the inner man. Oh, if the boys could only see me—

Then I was forced to smile. A self-important captain of M. P.'s came wingin' down the aisle. Ever since I had picked up with the major general I had been enjoyin' a good laugh on these self-important billy swingers. I was forced to laugh again, for behind the captain there's a big M. P. sergeant, which ain't got the brains to remove his campaign hat before a gentleman and ladies, not to mention officers. What ho, it was shellin' M. P.'s! At least two squads o' red hat-band huskies was now paradin' between the tables, lookin' over everybody with searchin' eyes.

"Donnay moy kat bottay Pommerey see voo play," my major general commanded the head waiter.

Just then somebody tapped him on one of his double-starred shoulders.

It was the captain of Military Police. "Come along, John Cashmore!" growls the M. P. skipper.

"Why, captain, such insolence—" "Don't kid us, Cashmore. We've got you pegged. Will you come with us quietly or will we have to get rough with you?"

My major general stood upon his rights and dignity.

"This is an abominable outrage. Captain, leave this restaurant with all your men at once or I'll—"

"It's the old game—you've worked it once too often, Cashmore. We've been on your trail this afternoon, and now we've got a new charge, appropriatin' a government car, to slam against you."

Suddenly my major general's arms was wrenched behind him by two husky soldiers. Something clicked, somethin' rattled. Handcuffs on a general!

Was my eyes framin' up to deceive me? No, Flo-Flo and Cloquette seen exactly what I seen, and they let out a shriek at this outrage of pinchin' a good provider just when he was on the point o' buyin' them the place. And then they began to protest their own innocence of any crime in fluent and frantic Montmartrese, and the general tried to quiet 'em by sayin' he could explain everything.

Well, he had lots to explain. In the first place he wasn't a real major general. I found this out afterward, as well as the fact that he was only a international crook who had took up the profession of impersonatin' American and English officers. His last racket was when in the disguise of a



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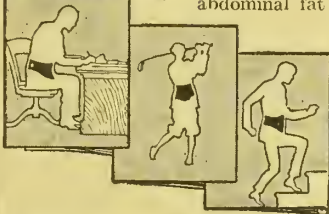
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Q. M. colonel he had sold a whole park o' motor trucks and row of American warehouses for several hundred thousand francs to a wealthy but trustin' French colonial, who when he went to claim his property found that the near-colonel's signature wasn't worth a buzzard's claw mark. After this flurry in high finance, Cashmore might of gone into comfortable retirement. But he had the promotion bug the same as everybody else. So he promoted himself to major general in one jump, and on Armistice Day he walks boldly across No Brains Land, his fatal errors consistin' of gettin' slightly licked, pickin' up with a buck private, stealin' a government car, entertainin' mad'moisselles and sportin' wound stripes.

But while they was fittin' ex-General Cashmore to a nice pair o' blue bracelets, I sort of wondered what my fate would be. I was not left to wonder long. A heavy hand grabs my collar and I am lifted almost out o' my field shoes and breeches woollen O. D. 1 pr. "I'll take care o' this one, sergeant."

"All right, Mike. To the cooler wit' im!" And with that, Mike Burleigh executes handcuffs right and left in snappy fashion, and I found myself launched in the retail hardware business. While I stared at them hard Houdini ruffles now adornin' my wrists, Mike o' the M.P.'s jerks me by the arms and half drags, half shoves me across that noisy café and out into the chilly night.

There was me, the personal prisoner of my sworn enemy from our home town of Skaggerack, N. J., him and me havin' been raised together just like two wildcats.

Mike steered me along the festive rue in silence. Even the mad'moisselles with ticklers sort of drew aside when they lamped that hard-boiled M. P., draggin' his desperate prisoner to the dunjin keep for keeps. I had blithe visions of a hangin' party in the mornin' after a night spent in a damp cell in rheumatism row, down in the lowest gallery o' the catacombs beneath the river Seine. Some prospect for one as was to be personal orderly to a major general.

We switched off the boulevard into a narrow windin' lane. Here the night airplane protection was perfect, no street lamps bein' in sight. It was a lovely place for a murder, I thought, as our footsteps re-echoed from the ancient stones.

All at once Mike stops me with a wrench and grumbles. "Hold out your hands!"

I held 'em forth. Mike's hand went to his hip. He fumbled—I thought it was for his wooden Billy. But no, what-

ever it was went straight to the keyhole of my handcuff lock. Sweet music—a click, and my hands was free.

"Now beat it, kid," is Mike's command, as the iron works hits the pavement. "Mooch yourself out o' here while the coast is clear and the goin' good."

"But Mike, you don't mean—" I gasped.

"Sure thing, I mean it. What the capital H do you think I'm tellin' you to beat it for if I don't mean it?"

"But think o' yourself, Mike. What'll you do when you report back without your prisoner?"

"Kid, that's my business. But say, here's a idear. You might sock me on the glim, and then they'll think I put up a fight."

"Put them bangles back on my wrists, Mike. I ain't goin' to get you in wrong with nobody. Take me to jail, Mike, you're a real pal—"

"I ain't been no pal o' yourn, or any bum which belongs to the Sweeney Athletics. But this is Armistice night, and it's the time for the Old Quarry gang and the One-Eye Sweeneys to lay down their arms with the rest of 'em."

"That's the way I feel too, Mike. I saw you today on the Boul' des Italiens, and I was tempted to wallop you in the mush. But I didn't have the heart."

"Maybe I didn't see you, Buck! I had a mind to pinch you then, only I remembered that, after all, you was from the old home town where we was boys together."

"Good old Skaggerack."

"Beat Paris every time, ch, kid?"

"You said a jugful. Put 'er there, Mike."

And in that dim and dusky Paris street two warriors from Skaggerack, New Jersey, shook hands for the first time.

At that moment a wanderin' Yank bugler somewhere nearby was reachin' the end of his repertory, his closin' number bein' "Taps." We bowed our heads, Mike and me, for our buddies who had gone west.

Then we shook hands again. Mike went his way, to explain how he had lost a prisoner, and I went my way to—well, you got some ideas as to what I would have to explain when I crept back to my old outfit in the Curly Wolf Division.

And that's the real ringside story o' the end o' the Great Conflict. You see, it wasn't till us two birds from Skaggerack got together that the peace dove could really call "Time!"

Another Buck O'Dee story, "A Heart Attack in Beautemps," will appear in an early issue.

## Trailing the Air Mail

(Continued from page 7)

too-loose parachute harness I wore. I suppose it was the fearful dread of the unknown. Then I regained control of my imagination. My confidence in McDuffie returned. Again I forced myself to composure.

To the right I saw what I took to be a broad, white, winding highway. Strangely it was not illuminated. It turned out to be the sandy beach of the New Jersey coast. Then I got another thrill. The pale moon was obscured behind black clouds. I glanced about the sky. Dark patterns of clouds were

scudding over the surface of the heavens. The old imagination began hitting on all twelve cylinders again. I envisioned a sudden fog or storm. Newspaper headlines flashed before my eyes: "Aviators Killed as They Near God's Plane Found Wrecked in Bay, Bodies of Flyers Missing." Newspaper training can be a bad thing at times.

The moon reappeared for a brief moment. It reflected on the bosom of the ocean below us. Then it was again obscured. Occasionally we caught the gleam of a red light or the intermit-



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tent winking of a coast beacon. Ahead was a long low bank of lights. I knew it could not be Manhattan Island—there was no super-glow at what would be Times Square. We swung to the left and inland again. The light clusters were thicker than before, arranged in crazy geometric patterns. The slowly moving light circles on the highways told us that here traffic was heavier. If the motor'd only carry on! Would the damn flight never end?

Suddenly I was aware that McDuffie was banking sharply. I get a kick out of a vertical bank in daylight. At night the sensation is indescribably creepy. I glanced down over the side of the cockpit. The moon blinked again for an instant. Thankfully I thought I recognized the outlines of the buildings on Mitchel Field below. I breathed more easily. The constant terror that fog would suddenly sweep in from the sea, blotting out all landmarks, passed. At last we were at our destination. McDuffie was circling. Now to get down. There was no illumination of the field. My head swam dizzily as I tried to follow our course. Houses, trees, headlights on the highways were all mixed in a hodge-podge. I heard the motor throttled. I tore off my goggles and pillowed my face in the crook of my elbow braced against the machine gun mount. Then I waited for the crash.

Instead, there was a slight bounce as the landing wheels first touched the ground, then we rolled along smoothly with diminishing speed. We taxied to the hangar line to be greeted by an ambulance crew—fortunately not needed.

I imagine I was a trifle light-headed as I clambered from the cockpit. My ears were ringing with motor deafness. When I glanced in the mirror a rich-black-sooted countenance stared back at me, maybe a little wild-eyed.

"What do you think of night flying?" McDuffie asked me as we dressed.

"Great stuff!" I lied enthusiastically. But try and get me in another plane at night.

I REALIZE that the foregoing reads like the first flight of an air neophyte. Actually it was the finish of a remarkable six thousand-mile trip from New York to San Francisco over the United States Mail airway and back again by way of Dayton and Washington. To me it was a garrison finish. A box score summary of our flight would read somewhat as follows:

DeHaviland Airplanes, three. Mitchel Field plane, out to haystack in Sarpy County, Nebraska; Fort Riley plane, out to a bonfire at the Presidio of San Francisco\*; Crissy Field airplane, not out, safe at Mitchel Field. Forced landings, three. Distance traveled, 6,000 miles. Flying time, 61 hours, 42 minutes. Elapsed time, 20 days. Favorable winds, 0. Headwinds, 100 percent. Shattered cardiac nerves of passenger, 1,000 percent. Same of pilot, unknown but high average. Night flying, several centuries. Mascot, Lady Luck, batting right up to the last frame.

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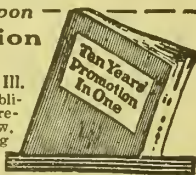
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management      | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Efficiency                 |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance        |  |

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



Through the courtesy of First Lieutenant St. Clair Street, chief of the airways Division of the Army Air Service, and Major William N. Hensley, Jr., commandant at Mitchel Field, I was supplied with an army plane and pilot to make the flight. The use of the singular number is correct usage as regards the pilot. I should properly say that the Army supplied the airplanes.

It was five years and more since I had flown in an airplane when we took off from Mitchel Field at 8:30 o'clock on the morning of September 18th. We had hoped to reach San Francisco in three days—four days was our most liberal estimate. I was perhaps a trifle nervous but highly optimistic as we climbed to two thousand feet and headed our good ship in the general direction of the Golden Gate.

New York City was shrouded in a veil of blue mist as we crossed the island just north of the Fifty-ninth Street bridge. The Metropolitan Tower was the last distinguishable skyscraper stabbing through the haze to the south. The last time I had looked down on Manhattan Island from the air the visibility was so clear that the Statue of Liberty could be easily discerned. It was while making mental comparisons of the present spectacle with my last view that I became momentarily unhappy. I recalled that my pilot on that previous flight had died tragically a few months later. He was killed in the transcontinental air race of 1919. He had given his life helping the Army Air Service to blaze the air trail that is now the mail airway over which we were flying.

The Jersey marshes sped below. Traveling slightly north of the established course, we flew over the New Jersey lake country. Then we came to what is regarded as the most dangerous relay in the transcontinental airway, the Alleghany Mountains. For almost two hundred miles there is hardly a landing field. The heavily-wooded mountains and rock terrail are beautiful but inhospitable to an airplane. Giant culm banks from the coal mines, towering collieries, precipitous slopes and tortuous, sharp valleys dominate the scenery. To a novice like myself there was amusement of a sort in picking possible landing fields—it was not unlike the search for the proverbial haystack needle. Cross-winds sweeping up from the valleys and sudden air pockets sent the ship rocking crazily. They were not monotonous, those first two hours of flying, but they were uncomfortable. When at length a small white circle appeared beneath our wings I smiled happily. We had reached our first destination—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. It was a relief to stretch one's legs and smoke a cigarette while the Air Mail mechanical crew filled the tanks with gasoline, oil and water and inspected motor and plane thoroughly. A mechanic assured us there was only about thirty more miles of bad flying and then we would have ideal traveling into Cheyenne, Wyoming. That sounded good to me, although my confidence was fully restored.

We took off in the valley and heading west over limestone quarries and woods, soon found ourselves over a rolling farming country. There is this about a long flight by airplane. If there is nothing to keep your interest on edge flying becomes monotonous. I was looking

forward to our next stop at Cleveland chiefly to stretch my legs. When at length the lake front appeared on the horizon and we dropped down on Glenn L. Martin Field I was ready for lunch, a smoke and exercise. McDuffie found a former brother officer on the mail field and they discussed the pros and cons of the relay we had just covered.

I was to get used to shop talk in the next three weeks. Whenever two airplane pilots get together flying is the one subject discussed. It never grows wearisome. It is animated, broad and comprehensive, covering every phase from terrain to engines, to wings, to what so and so did in an emergency. I think it all sticks in the memory of the pilots and makes them better fliers.

It was after one o'clock when we took off and headed out over Lake Erie. Our plane carried enough fuel for a five-hour flight and we decided to skip the Air Mail station at Bryan, Ohio. Thus it was not five o'clock when after a somewhat wearisome voyage over the level lake farmlands we emerged over the belching smokestacks of Gary, Indiana, and cut south of the loop district of Chicago through air permeated with the odor of the stockyards to drop down at the Air Mail terminal at Maywood, Illinois.

We turned our plane over to the Air Mail mechanics and set forth for dinner in the Loop.

"I don't see why more people don't travel by airplane," McDuffie told our dinner guests. "Here we left New York at 8:30 this morning and now we're bathed and eating supper in Chicago at six. No wearisome train riding and all the scenery one could ask for. Commercial flying can't be far away."

Those were his words. I nodded my head in agreement at the time. My only after-effect of the trip so far was a slight case of motor-deafness. On my first leg I had neglected to stuff my ears with cotton batting and as a result the chimes were ringing in my head. But that was a mere detail. Our friends were perhaps a little envious of our trip.

"When will you be back through here?" they asked.

"A week. Ten days at the outside," we said. And we meant it.

Lowering skies greeted us in the morning. Maywood is an hour's ride by elevated from the Loop, and it was after ten o'clock before we got away. The threat of rain was in the air as we flew over Illinois farmlands, crossed the Mississippi and watched the rolling Iowa countryside roll behind. We had not been on the ground at Iowa City, two hundred miles west, for ten minutes when the threat of rain materialized in a downpour.

Two other army planes were on the ground awaiting weather reports. Both pilots were friends of McDuffie. One had been to Omaha to greet the World flyers and was on his way back to Chanute Field at Rantoul, Illinois. The other had flown from Texas to the Sixth National Convention of The American Legion at Saint Paul to deliver an invitation from Fort Worth for the 1925 meeting. He had hopped from Saint Paul to Iowa City the previous afternoon.

The weather reports were bad, the worst since the Air Mail Service was inaugurated July 1st. Mail planes had been forced down by rain and impenetrable fog on emergency fields between

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Cheyenne and Chicago. We settled down to a few rousing rubbers of bridge in the principal Iowa City hotel. Late in the afternoon we revisited our planes. The weather was worse. Soon the eastbound plane arrived, barely skimming the tree-tops. The pilot settled down for the night. We dined and went to bed.

Morning broke unsettled, although rain had ceased falling. The mail pilot hopped eastward. It was ten o'clock before we ourselves took off, a full day behind schedule. Clouds still obscured the sun. Fog and spindrift slapped the exposed parts of our faces for the next hundred miles, compelling us to fly low. Near Des Moines the sun at last broke through, and soon after noon we crossed the Platte River south of Omaha and Council Bluffs and dropped down on the Air Mail field adjoining Fort Crook.

Two more friends of McDuffie's greeted us here. They had flown from Rantoul to greet the World flyers. One had blown a tire on his landing wheels and wrecked his plane. The other had struck something with his propeller as he was taking off, a bird or possibly a gopher. He, too, had crashed. We were to meet the first accident victim later.

We inspected the two wrecked planes casually and hastened to the post exchange to eat, ignoring the tradition that accidents happen in units of three.

"I want to get west of Omaha," said McDuffie. "I've flown over the rest of this country."

"I want to make up that lost time," I said. "Let's fly on a slogan. 'Rock Springs or Bust' is our motto. It's only a little more than seven hundred miles and we gain an hour at North Platte."

"There's something about that slogan I don't like," said McDuffie. I laughed merrily.

It was after one o'clock when we took off, with a flip of the hand to the army mechanics who serviced our plane. We headed west and I settled back prepared for three hours of flying into North Platte, two hundred and seventy miles west.

And then. Oh, gosh! Just two miles out of Omaha, that beautiful steady hum of the up-to-that-point faithful Liberty motor droned down to a gentle throb and then quit cold. The science of aerodynamics was in the discard. The law of gravity prevailed. We were less than five hundred feet in the air. I saw McDuffie, bent down in the cockpit, working frantically with one thing—a-ma-jig after another. The motor wouldn't come to. We were too low to use our parachutes. Below was a farmyard framed in trees. To the left was a rough pasture with horses prancing about. To the right was a cornfield, a forest of prosperous Nebraska cornstalks ten feet high.

Just ahead was a tiny hayfield on a slightly rising slope. The wind was under the tail, accelerating our speed. McDuffie yelled to me to throw off my goggles. I pillowed my face in my arm. I felt the wheels touch the ground, but because of the slope I doubt if the tail skid got down. We shot up that slope like a husky young zephyr. The end of the field rushed to meet us—a stout wire fence, a row of stalwart trees, unyielding, immovable. At forty miles an hour our second stop was certain. With luck it would merely be hospital for an indefinite stay. And then to the right appeared a gracious gift from the gods

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—a resilient ten-foot mound of golden Sarpy County hay. McDuffie kicked the rudder and we took it on one wing.

We seemed to leap through the air at the impact. My eyes were closed. There was a splintering crash, a shower of hay, and then we settled down. McDuffie and I popped up from our cockpits like twin-gear jumping jacks. We smiled at one another, chiefly because we were able to smile. The wings were twisted and broken; not a strut remained in place; the left elevator was crumpled like an accordion; the connecting pipe to the emergency tank was broken. Gallons of gasoline cascaded over the wreckage—luckily there was no spark. The tire on one landing wheel was gone, the landing gear was cracked. Only the propeller and tail skid remained absolutely intact.

I'm a victim of hay-fever. I established a long-distance record for sneezing in the next five minutes. But for

once the sneezes were not punctuated with profanity. McDuffie hastened back to Fort Crook for a salvage crew while I unloaded our effects and greeted informally the scores of curious farm-folk who came to see the spectacle. I insisted I was not nervous. But a day or two later I discovered that the pictures I took of the wreck were blanks. I had forgotten to remove the shutter. The camera was broken, anyway, but it forced the conviction that maybe I was a little nervous, after all. Happily a resident of the region who had not been involved in the crash was on hand with a Brownie and secured a close-up of the disaster.

That night we wired the Chief of Air Service for a new airplane in which to continue our trip.

*Next week Mr. Moore will describe his journey from Omaha to San Francisco over the Air Mail route and the return trip to New York.*

## Service to the Community Is No Idle Boast in Minnesota

(Continued from page 17)

tiling, grading, lawning and seeding was \$800."

The full story of Cokato Post's park project was told in the September 12th issue of the Weekly, so I won't give it any more space. It is sufficient to say that everybody recognized this accomplishment as the best brought to light by the cup contest.

Under the other heading on which the ratings for the cup award were made Cokato Post presented a record of well-balanced activity. Running through this record, one sees such references to things done as the following:

Holds an annual Legion Community Day. Held a stag party for business men at which speakers explained the Legion's aims and purposes.

Obtained fish fry for the lakes surrounding Cokato.

Managed and financed the town's baseball team—a winner.

Keeps open house at well-furnished club-rooms for all members and their friends.

Dedicated a war memorial.

Holds an annual picnic with Cokato Unit of The American Legion Auxiliary.

Held a membership drive which increased its enrollment 54 per cent over the membership of the preceding year, and celebrated the success of the drive by holding a joint party with the Auxiliary.

Uses the ritual of the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies on all occasions.

Has a system insuring that Legionnaires will visit sick and disabled veterans, presenting them with flowers and candy.

The post service officer handled seventy-two disability claims for veterans, wrote several thousand letters with the assistance of a stenographer and maintained an office in which all veterans were assisted with their claims for adjusted compensation or insurance.

Made a liberal donation to The American Legion Hospital Association which conducts the Legion's activities at the Mayo Brothers hospital center in Rochester, Minnesota.

With an enrollment of 114, has an average attendance of from forty to fifty at post meetings held twice each month.

Had unusual successful meetings in the country surrounding Cokato at the homes of members of the post, each meeting being featured by the chow provided.

Assisted at military funerals in four neighboring towns in addition to conducting funerals in Cokato.

Sent a delegation of thirty-two members to the 1923 department convention.

Held a regular evening session in all the schools of the town during American Education Week, Legionnaires accompanying parents to explain the needs of the schools and to assist the teachers in the demonstrations of work being done. During the same week post speakers gave talks on education and citizenship in all the country schools.

Observes all patriotic holidays.

Organized a Boy Scout troop and took the troop to a well-known lake county for a ten-day outing, the post employing an extra scoutmaster and providing all food and the necessary boats. An Army cook, a Legionnaire, did all the cooking.

Has a post quartet which furnishes music at post meetings and on many public occasions. Also has a "Dutch band."

Observed Armistice Day by presenting a vaudeville program given entirely by local talent. Also gave two motion picture entertainments and held a big public meeting in American Legion Memorial park.

I have had to summarize this record of Cokato Post's activity, but I hope that I have indicated how inspiring it really is as told by the post's spokesmen.

I hope, however, that I haven't created the impression that Cokato had an easy victory in the cup contest. A half dozen other posts presented records of accomplishment that were almost as good. In fact, the judges had a hard job in making the award. Cokato Post's record is typical of most of the briefs submitted, and the whole assortment proved just how fully the community service idea and the better-post spirit has been developed in our State. They indicated a lasting enthusiasm among all the posts that is going to be reflected by even greater accomplishments from now on. Department Adjutant Stafford King is sure that the contest's principal result will be in the good works it inspires hereafter.

Many of the posts probably hadn't realized just how fully they were living up to Legion ideals when they set out



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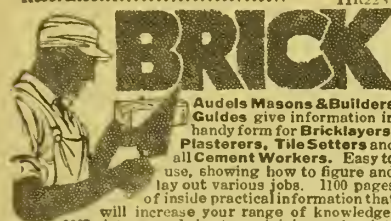
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to tell their own stories. For instance, when Past Department Commander Gerald Barron sat down to record the year's history of his own post in Cloquet, Minnesota, he hardly could have guessed that he would have to use a half hundred pages, including exhibits of newspaper clippings, to finish the job. He did, though, and his story made his post a formidable contender for the prize.

Barron said that although the number of eligible service men in the town of Cloquet is not more than 225, the post has increased its membership from 93 in 1919-'20 to 270 today, including a large number of men living in the country surrounding the town. Not bad for a town whose population by the 1920 census was 5,127, and Barron expresses his belief that no other town of the same size in the country has a better record.

But Cloquet Post's record is unusual for another reason. Everybody remembers how good it was to get back home after demobilization, how we walked down the old main stem and looked over the stores and noted any changes that had been made while we were away. We also noticed the new homes which had been built, the streets that had been paved and other evidences of wartime prosperity.

Well, it wasn't like that at all in Cloquet in 1919 when Cloquet's service men came back. For while the service men of the town were in France or in the camps at home Cloquet was completely destroyed by fire. Hemmed in on all sides by heavy timber, it was helpless when it found itself in the path of a forest fire. The fire came along while the Battle of the Argonne was being fought, in October, 1918, and about the only structure that still stood when the smoke cleared away was the water tower, saved by its stilts of steel. Many lives had been lost in the fire, and the town looked as if it might have to wait years for its comeback.

So when the Cloquet service men came back and formed Cloquet Post of the American Legion they found that the biggest task that confronted them, as it did all the citizens of the community, was the rebuilding of the town. The story of how they helped rebuild their town and at the same time took steps to prevent the town from being destroyed by another fire is a dramatic one, as told by Barron.

One of the first things the post did was to organize a fire patrol reserve so that in case the woods got to blazing again the post could mobilize quickly and take its place in the front line of fire fighters under the direction of the forest rangers. The post also gave its support to every project designed to lessen the fire danger, so that in time the town felt that its safety was assured.

Naturally, when every man was busy with his own personal problems of rebuilding homes or stores which had been destroyed, Cloquet Post couldn't hope to make elaborate plans for building a clubhouse of the kind it knew it would have eventually. So the post did the best thing it could under the circumstances. It established its own building fund, which grew rapidly from individual contributions and the money-making activities of the post, and it put that fund to work for the good of the town.

Every dollar that the post accumulated was put into first mortgage bonds on Cloquet real estate bearing eight percent interest. Thus the money has



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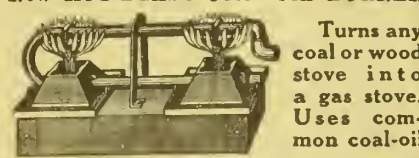
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Attention Dept. C. 19

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Name.....  
(please print)

Street.....  
and Number.....

City..... State.....

been made available for the building of homes and stores, pending the time when the mortgages will be paid off and the building fund will be available to finance the construction of a Legion clubhouse as a memorial to the men of Cloquet who died in the World War.

Cloquet Post has done its part in the inspiring program which has restored its town to the map, better than ever, with bright new buildings, wide boulevards and open park spaces. One has only to contrast the photographs of the town as it is today with the pictures taken just after the fire swept it in 1918 to appreciate how great has been the transformation. As a part of its program for rehabilitating its town, Cloquet Post took the lead in forming a commercial club.

Cloquet Post's accomplishment proves the rule that adversity brings out the best strength of a community as well as of individuals. The close co-operation and the human sympathy which always result from disaster have left many lasting imprints on the post. One of these is a Legion Benefit Society. Whenever a member of the post dies, his wife, father, mother or other nearest relative receives a substantial payment, almost a boon at the time funeral expenses and bills for medical attendance are being met. The assessment is \$1.25, one dollar of which goes into the fund. A new assessment is made after each death.

Cloquet Post's record might be greatly extended if space permitted, but its other activities for the most part are of the same order as these of Legion posts generally. If space permitted also I should like to list the outstanding accomplishments of all the posts which submitted briefs in the contest. Every brief is worth reading, and all of them compose an inspiring picture of the Legion at work in Minnesota.

## OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

131ST INF.—Joint reunion with Chipilly Post, A. L., at Fort Dearborn Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 8, at 7:30 p.m. Address Joseph M. Adler, 6459 Rhodes Ave., Chicago.

304TH ENGINEERS—Annual reunion at Engineers Club, 1317 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 8. Address David W. Bainbridge, 4937 Mervine St., Philadelphia.

## Pass This Word Along

THE World War Veterans Act of 1924 provides that the showing of an active tuberculous condition prior to January 1, 1925, will automatically entitle a World War service man to disability compensation from the Veterans Bureau.

Many thousands of service men who have been rated by the Bureau as having arrested tuberculosis or chronic bronchitis of less than a ten per cent disability may benefit under the new law. It is believed that a large number have developed an added degree of disability since their last examination and rating by the Bureau.

All men suffering from this disability are advised by Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, to present themselves to the Veterans Bureau for re-examination before January 1, 1925.

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## Why Do People Speculate?

By "Finance"

Everyone knows that almost everyone speculates, or has speculated, in stocks. How many people have ever thought seriously enough about it to realize what a thoroughly foolish and unprofitable practice it is?

Right here someone will object, and the question will be asked, how speculation can be thoroughly foolish and unprofitable when in scores of instances large profits have actually been made. Which is true, and it is presumptuous to call a man foolish who is successful. On the other hand it would be interesting to know what proportion of profits made from speculation have eventually been lost in further speculation. One hears more about winnings than losings.

Look at the matter cold-bloodedly. Most stock speculation is in new companies, and the stock is purchased from salesmen. Statistics show that of every seven new businesses started, six are failures, and only one a success, not necessarily an outstanding success either. At the start, therefore, the odds against the purchaser of shares in a new enterprise are big. The salesman, naturally enough, does not mention these odds, and if he were confronted with them his reply would be, of course, that here was the one success. He may or may not believe it himself, but in any event it is very prudent to rely upon his statement? In the first place, if a thing is good from a business standpoint it is seldom necessary to put salesmen on the road to raise capital by means of stock selling. In the second place, is it reasonable to suppose that the proprietor of a really good thing would want to share it with you, and with other total strangers? It is contrary to human nature.

If purchasers of stock from itinerant salesmen knew the size of the commissions earned by these gentlemen it would not only be a shock, but give them a much clearer idea than they usually get of what the shares are worth. The writer once had a salesman offer him one hundred shares of stock in one of these sure fire successes if he would merely give the names of fifteen possible purchasers in the small town where he resides.

What about the people who "play the market," who "trade" in stocks dealt in on the various exchanges? What chance have they for success in this sort of speculation? Well, in the first place how many of them are in close enough touch to take advantage of the sudden shifts in prices which are liable to occur at any time in speculative stocks? Suppose, just for the sake of supposing, that a man in Burlington, Vt., holds one hundred shares of Pseudo Copper on a ten-point margin; suppose the stock has declined three points since he bought, and then the company's employees suddenly strike one day, and the stock goes down eight points more. The margin is wiped out, the money is gone, and the optimistic speculator gets the sad news the following morning.

The vast majority of people who play the market know very little about what they are doing, and this kind of speculation is certainly not for the uninitiated. It has been estimated that nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars has been lost in one year in this country through fake stock promotions. The people who speculate in stocks listed on the exchanges must lose many millions more. And frequently the people who speculate and lose are the ones loudest in their denunciation of "Wall Street," when as a matter of fact the fault is their own. The man who tries to get something for nothing, in most cases gets nothing. Still people keep on gambling and speculating in stocks. The odds are all against their being successful, and a few moments thought will convince them that this is so. Yet they keep on, and the reason is a real mystery.

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Write **OZMENT-MILLSBAUGH**, 1201 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**T A P S**

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

**LEONARD STARR**, Rowe-Churchill Post, Moravia, N. Y. D. Sept. 26 at U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 30. Served with Co. H, 327th Inf., 82nd Div.

**HARRY C. STEVENS**, Murray Davis Post, Kansas City, Mo. D. Sept. 26.

**ALOIS WILLIE**, Prairie LaPort Post, Guttenberg, Ia. D. Sept. 28, aged 35. Served with Engineers.

**STEVE WONDOLSKI**, Melvin Smyth Post, Sonoma, Cal. Killed Oct 3 in woods accident at Tuolumne, Cal. Served with Btty. A, 146th F. A.

**FLORENCE WOOD**, Jane A. Delano Post, Buffalo, N. Y. D. at Utica, N. Y., June 14. Served at Embarkation Hospital No. 3, New York City.

**BUDDIES IN DISTRESS**

Queries aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., not to the Weekly. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The committee wants to hear from the following:

**CAPT. ROCK**, in charge Infirmary, 1st Rep. Depot, St. Aignan, France; CORP. EDGAR JACOBS, 144th Inf.; PVT. VERNON ENOS, 319th F. A.; PVT. FRED GAEREL, 49th R. T. C.; PVT. GEORGE W. KIFE, 115th Inf., and PVT. THOS. E. WALTERS, 18th Inf.

**STANLEY KOZINSKI**, former Pvt., Co. F, 2d Div. Batt., 157th Depot Brigade.

**LIEUT. BETZ** and **DR. OR MAJOR HENDRICKS**, formerly at Camp Hosp. No. 4, near Paris, France.

**BERT REED WATSON**, who served in navy transport service and later believed to have served with Shipping Board.

Comrades who knew details of death or disappearance of **SAMUEL LO PRESTI**, formerly with Supply Co., 2d Pioneer Inf., Coblenz, Germany.

**FRED LYALL BISHOP**, of Lincoln, Neb., served overseas with Air Service.

**WALTER S. WADE**, former Pvt., Q. M. C., hospitalized at Army & Navy Gen. Hospital, Hot Springs, Ark.

**CLAUDE HARRY KING**, enlisted in Idaho early in 1918 and served overseas.

**R. D. GOBER**, formerly with 6th Div., and Gas Sergeant of 6th Div. at Chamroy, France, who carried Pvt. Massey A. Gwynn's gun on march.

**LIEUT. THEISS**, former 1st Sergt., Co. B, 137th Inf., 35th Div.

Following who were in hospital at Norfolk in 1918: **G. B. WEISE**, 2nd Cl. Gunners Mate Poff of St. Paul, 2nd Cl. Seaman **HIGGINS** of Haverhill, Mass., Fireman **LUCAS**.

**JAMES WOLF** and **PVT. CUNNINGHAM**, formerly with 11th Co., 157th Depot Brigade.

**2d LIEUT. INGERMAN MADSEN** and **1st SERGT. WALTER W. PLUMB**, both formerly with Bakery Co. 311, Q. M. C.

Comrades of **ELMER W. KINSEY**, former Pvt., Co. L, 59th Inf., killed in action Aug. 10, 1918.

Officers and men who served with 333rd F. A. Regt. Sanitary Detach., 86th Div.

**KENNETH PAUL FORREST**, formerly with 267th Aero Squadron.

**HARRY SHUMAKER**, formerly overseas with a balloon company.

**1st Lieut. and Capt., Medical Corps**, at hospital within enclosure of Terrien Barracks at Langres, France, on Jan. 19-20, 1918; **1st Lieut.** in charge of medical detachment at prisoners of war cage at Pagny-sur-Meuse, and attached to Prisoners of War Escort Co. No. 65 until about Sept. 26, 1919; also sergeant of engineers named Perkins, formerly in Hospital No. 23, Jan., 1918, later in mail service at Tours and later in Red Cross hut near depot at Toul, France.

Comrades who can establish service records of following patients in Kings Park Hospital, New York, who claim to be ex-service men: **EMMANUEL MARCHELOS** (Tom or Nick Emanuel), Greek, can speak Italian, 31 years of age, five feet five inches, dark complexion; **JOHN VIGELAND** (John Olson), Norwegian, aged 24, five feet seven inches, light complexion, has tattoo of girl, flag and eagle on forearm, and anchor on back of left arm; **SIGMUND STANKEWICZ** (Zygmunt Stankevicz), Pole, aged 33, five feet five inches, light brown complexion; **HAYDEN MILLER BERRY**, five feet ten inches, complexion fair, eyes blue; **AUGUST H. OTT**, five feet four inches, complexion dark, eyes blue.

Comrades of **WILLIAM V. VICTORSON**, Sgt. Batt. B, 80th F. A., 7th Div.

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## Just a Sociable Game

A stranger from the East, pockets bulging with money, meandered into the back room of Red Peters's place in Scarlet Gulch, where the boys were indulging in a quiet little poker festival.

Wishing to impress the small townsmen with a regular guy's idea of what poker playing was, he produced a large roll of bills and demanded a stack.

"It's just a sociable little game, stranger," remarked Yukon Jake, "but I reckon we kin let you in. How much you want?" "About a thousand dollars' worth," replied the moneyed one airily.

Raking in the one grand and without missing a turn of the cards, the dealer ordered his assistant:

"Give him a white one."

## The Avenger Thwarted

Oh, curses!

I looked up the life of the man who invented the saxophone.

Oh, curses!!

He is already dead—these thirty years.

OH, CURSES!!

## Encouraging

Motorist: "Yes, I think I can beat the train to the crossing, but I wish you were here up in front with me."

Nervous Passenger: "W—w—why?"

Motorist: "The last time I tried it I lost my back seat."

## Fore

Nurse: "Whom are they operating on today?"

Orderly: "A fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat at the links."

"And who's the man waiting so nervously in the hall? A relative?"

"No, that's the golfer. He's waiting for his ball."

## Essential

Publisher: "But what makes you think you can write popular songs?"

Embryo Lyrist: "Oh, you don't know what silly ideas I have!"

## Possibly

Rastus: "Dey done stopped mah pay down to de foundry."

Liza: "Whatever fer?"

Rastus: "Well, Ah think firin' of me had somethin' to do wid it."

## Getting a Head

Clerk: "May I have a raise, sir? I've been trying to get ahead on my present salary, and find that I can't."

The Boss: "Well, try again, and as soon as you get one, let me know and I'll fire you."

## Progress

Pilot of Airplane (to passenger): "Did you say Boston or Detroit?"

## Achievement

Man (at scene of auto wreck): "What happened?"

Battered Swain (exultingly): "I—I kissed her!"

## His Career

Explorer Blevins, who had visited the wilds of Central Africa and the ice floes of Greenland, had announced he would soon leave on a trip to the South Pole. Two of his friends were talking it over.

"I suppose," remarked one, "that he got a taste for adventure in the Army."

"Not necessarily," retorted the other. "He once drove a taxi in Chicago."

## Three Hics and a Blind Tiger

History Teacher: "What was the Era of Good Feeling, William?"

Willie: "The Whisky Rebellion, ma'am."

## An Impossibility

The politician smiled his friendliest upon his audience.

"All of us politicians aren't grafters," he declared.

"No," admitted an unidentified auditor. "Only part of you get elected."

## ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE



Tourist: "Ah! A relic at last, an American helmet!"

!!!\*—!??

## Why Refused

Roommate: "So your father refused to send you money? I suppose he's forgotten that he spent money when he went to college?"

Blinks, Jr.: "Not a bit of it. And he hasn't forgotten what he spent it for, either."

## Free Ad

"Mother," cried little Mary, as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the Listerine. He's just caught the cutest little black and white animal, and he thinks it's got halitosis."

## Just Plain Ignorant

The girl who thought La Belle, France, and Soviet, Russia, were names of cities has nothing on the man who tried to buy a ticket to Bull, Montana, via Rocky, Kansas.

## Exit the Muse

I cannot sing the old songs

I used to sing, Viola.

The installment man came round and he foreclosed on our victrola.

—J. P. R.

## Above the Average

Mrs. Hippley met her errant husband on the stairs.

"This is a pretty time of the night for you to be getting in!" she stormed.

"Isn't it, dear?" beamed Mr. Hippley.

"I distinctly saw two moons myself. Yesh, beautiful night, my dear!"

## But They Never Do

The politician has a plan,

(With plans his party never shirks)

'Tis bound to cure the ills of man—

I hope it works.

I pause before a slot machine.

This gum will check fatigue that lurks;

I drop the coin, attention keen—

I hope it works.

—Thomas J. Murray.

## Minus

Friend (just before wedding): "You look fine, old man. But where's your courage?"

Nervous Groom: "Heck! I knew I'd forget something!"

## Dear Old Dad

Chorus Girl: "What would your father say if he knew you had me out in his car?"

Reggie: "You might ask him. He's in the back seat with a bathing beauty."

## Confirmed

Jealous Wife: "I heard you were out with that Jones woman last evening."

Husband: "Nonsense. Why, I wouldn't take her to a dog fight."

J. W.: "Just as I suspected. You think too much of her for that!"

## Hectic

Tourist: "Ever have any excitement around here?"

Native: "Durn near had a circus here ten year ago."

## Obvious

Rub: "I've often heard of a fool killer, but I've never seen one."

Dub: "Of course not."

## No Trespassing

The wife and daughter of Colonel Berry, camp commander, came to the gate after taps and demanded admission. The sentry objected.

"But, my dear man, you don't understand," expostulated the older woman. "We are the Berrys."

"I don't care if you're the cat's whiskers," retorted the sentry. "You can't get in at this hour."

## No Market

"Oh, Mr. Flimflam," breathed the enthusiastic young girl, "you do tell the most comical anecdotes of your experiences! Why don't you write them up and sell them to the funny papers?"

"That's where I get them," admitted young Flimflam. "It ain't very likely they'd buy them back."

## The Cost of Disobedience

"So you lost all your money on a prize-fight," the old gentleman remarked reprovingly to an unchin. "My, my! Didn't your father train you better than that?"

"He sure did, an' I went against his wishes. I wouldn't blame him for lickin' me. The old man told me to put every cent on Dirty Dugan, but I was bull-headed an' thought I knowed it all."



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